

June 28, 1969

THE

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NEW YORKER

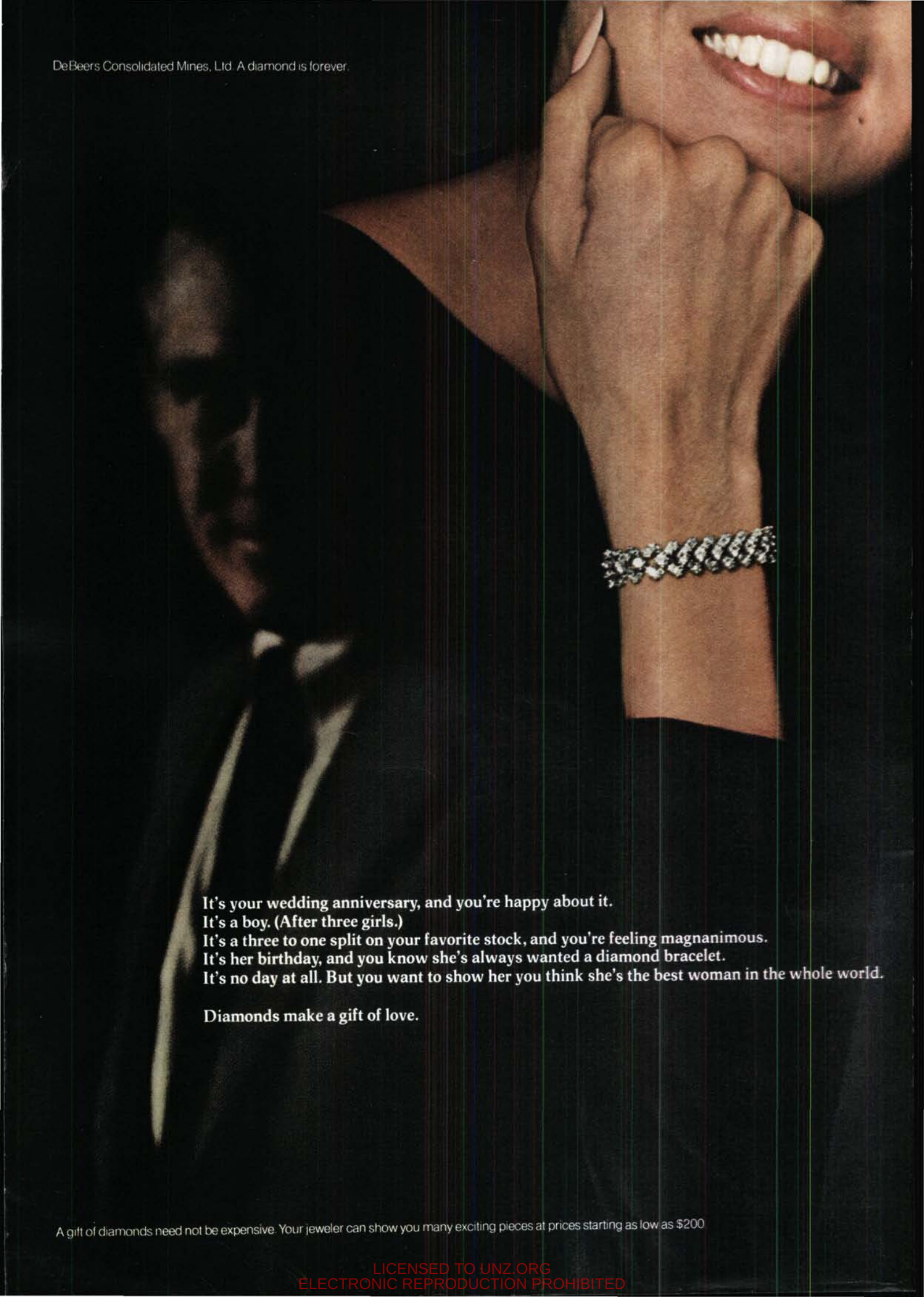
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION and NEXT—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonnie Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

DE SADE ILLUSTRATED—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended, either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

FORTY CARATS—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE FRONT PAGE—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 5. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 29.)

GEISE—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

THE GREAT WHITE HOPE—James Earl Jones turns in a stunning performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HADRIAN VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Alec McCowen, who takes full advantage of it. Starting Monday, June 30, Roderick Cook will fill in for Mr. McCowen for one week. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2, except July 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Friday, July 4, at 2:30.)

IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. Reopens Thursday, June 26, and will run through Saturday, July 19. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

LITTLE MURDERS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new di-

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rector, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

THE MAN WITH THE FLOWER IN HIS MOUTH—An agreeable but tame evening of three short plays—one of them sad and two of them merry—by Pirandello. William Murray's translation is fluent and literate, and Michael Simone's direction is good, too. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.

Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

TONIGHT IN LIVING COLOR—A pair of comedies, "The Golden Fleece" and "The David Show," by A. R. Gurney, Jr. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homo-

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DRAWINGS: Saul Steinberg, Mischa Richter, Edward Koren, Edward Frascino, Claude Smith, Lee Lorenz, James Stevenson, Barney Tobey, Donald Reilly, Alan Dunn, Cliff Roberts, Joseph Mirachi, Peter Porges, Dana Fradon, Warren Miller, Stan Hunt, Henry Martin

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MAN BETTER MAN—A musical with book and lyrics by Errol Hill and music by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

OKLAHOMA!—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PEACE—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PROMENADE—A musical with book and lyrics by Maria Irene Fornes and a score by Al Carmines. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Wednesdays through Friday, June 25-27, at 8:40; Saturday, June 28, at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday, June 29, at 3 and 8:30. Thereafter, nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PROMISES, PROMISES—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this breezy adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A childish retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WHORES, WARS & TIN PAN ALLEY—Martha Schlammé and Alvin Epstein in a program of Kurt Weill songs. (Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. 475-7804. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ZORBA—An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical, which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7.



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Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)...

CARARET: Germany just before the Nazis took control. Anita Gillette and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. Starting Monday, June 30, Tandy Cronyn will replace Miss Gillette. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLY MCIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** God, these bloody English. Bursting with money and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus, you have the real Oxford manner. He can't make you out. O, my name for you is the best: Kinch, the knife-blade. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Jerry Jarrett in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, June 28, no performances until Monday, July 14.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller is now the antic aunt. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Bob Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinee performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

STUTTGART BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, June 25, at 8:30: "The Taming of the Shrew."... Thursday,

June 26, at 8:30: "Nutteracker Divertissements," "Presence," and "Jeu de Cartes."... Friday, June 27, at 8:30: "Mozart Concerto," "Opus One," "Holberg Pas de Deux," and "Jeu de Cartes."... Saturday, June 28, at 2:30: "Eugene Onegin."... Saturday, June 28, at 8:30: "Giselle."... Sunday, June 29, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Taming of the Shrew." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880.)

OUTDOORS

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Jerome Hines, Nancy Dussault, and Jerry Lester, will again be the summer production. Opens Thursday, July 3. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Singers, strummers, and talkers come and go throughout the evening—among them the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble and the folk-singing team of Kenny Rankin and Jerry Merrick. On Wednesday, July 2, an improvisational group called Ace Trucking Company will arrive, as will folk singer Bob Gibson. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, and at times a groove. A variety of blues performers do their thing at eight-thirty and eleven. Ice cream is served in very large dishes. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot where the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet plays easeful jazz six nights a week. Friday through Sunday, June 27-29, singer Anita O'Day will be around, too. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Freddie Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. Chico Hamilton's sextet plays most nights from nine to four (from seven on Sundays). On Tuesday, July 1, Roy Haynes' quintet takes over. Mondays, from nine to four, the place becomes the peculiar purlieu of Sun Ra and his Solar-Nature orchestra.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the Gary Burton quartet



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

or—beginning Tuesday, July 1—the Junior Mance trio. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . Downstairs: Blues guitarist B. B. King takes turns with a large outfit called the Lighthouse, which adds strings and brass to its four-man rock-group core. On Tuesday, July 1, the Dizzy Gillespie quintet and the Sonny Rollins quintet will move in. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Sundays; on Fridays shows begin at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. On Monday, June 30, at eight, Mark Sunley and Ten Wheel Drive will rock in a benefit concert for WBAI-FM.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. The Charles Mingus quintet takes the stand at nine-thirty, approximately, Tuesday through Sunday. Saturday, June 28, from five to nine, the Billy Cobham quintet will perform before the evening session, and Sunday, June 29, from five to nine, the Frank Foster concert ensemble will do the same. Mondays are reserved for the loud and often interesting sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Iones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collar greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Golly, gang, here's another one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins.

DISCOTHEQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the diners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four. Closed Sundays.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music will come from Travel

Agency until Tuesday, July 1, when T. A. gives way to Spider John. Wednesday, June 25, will be devoted to blues, with Freddie King, Otis Rush, and J. B. Hutto performing. Dancing that evening will be at a minimum.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (oh, wow!) the Danube. Between record sets, pop singer Bob Francis does his best to win over the audience. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. Little wheels spin and spin; big wheels turn around and around. Live music is provided by the Epitomé. Closed Sundays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

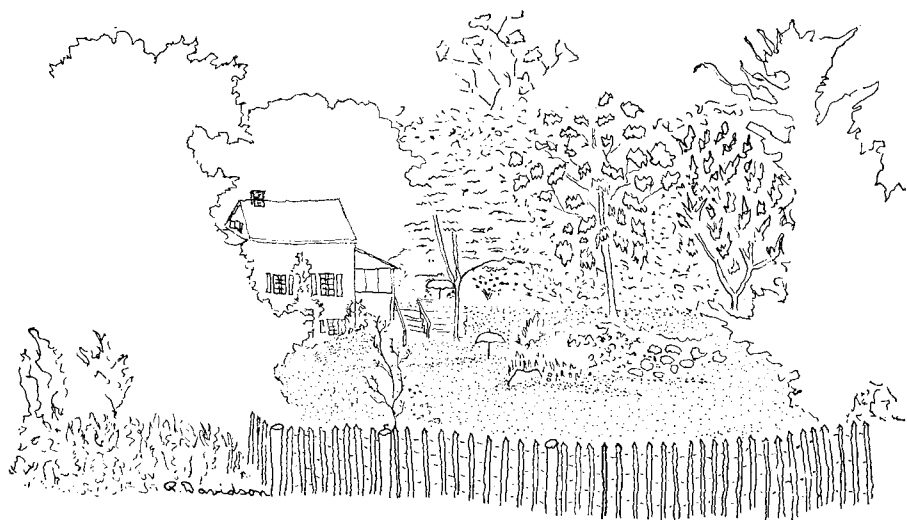
OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A handsome reward is offered to all who enter upon the little kingdom of the Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **EL MOROCCO**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Dig we must, if we are to trace the course of Empire that once held sway. The music still plays on, for auld lang syne—some of it people (Lester Lanin) music, some of it pre-packed. This season's run ends on Saturday, June 28. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and means of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Ear-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ly native cottage industries, such as the two-step and the fox-trot, continue simon-pure. No others need apply. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200): In defiance of all UFO (some of them probably smog and fireflies), Phil Wayne's band emits joy on the open-air terrace from seven-thirty every night but Monday. All hands indoors in case of IFO, such as rain.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Free Fall," the local revue, is enacted by a set of skillful boy and girl earthlings (Patti Deutsch must be specially commended) and is possessed by a demon (the mind of Ronny Graham, its head coach), which makes the end product that much funnier. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening. The room goes on its summer vacation after Saturday, June 28, and a revised form of the revue moves **DOWNSTAIRS**.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Through Saturday, June 28, Joan Rivers will be issuing her prescription (sulphur, molasses, and brimstone) for the American housewife. Starting Monday, June 30, a revision of "Free Fall," the revue **UPSTAIRS**, will make its runs at nine-thirty and midnight, except on Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the Aegean, the Gulf of Corinth, and tributaries. Among the hands are Avram Grobard, head man and joker; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; and Turkan, *ventrliste*. Dancing, and home cooking, often Israeli. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Flip Wilson, the star turn of the dinner and supper shows in the Royal Box, cracks whips and cracks wise, and Sue Raney just sings. The Lee Evans orchestra says grace in its own fine fashion. After Saturday, June 28, complete silence will prevail for a week or so.

CHATEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Seat belts are handy, for there are moments of turbulence in the career of Los Chavales de España, but beneath it all are hearts of gold, tastes of honey. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Emilio Prados) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The present incumbents are Jackie Kahane, whose life in Montreal must (if his entertaining autobiography is true) be a riot, and Steve Alaimo, a current Voice. Every night. . . .

In the lounge, the chords that course through the instruments blow in from Miami and Las Vegas. They belong to the Pace-setters, whose alphabet ranges from alacrity to zest. From ten on and on, every night.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The lower deck of this particular Longchamps rises well above room temperature as early as six-thirty, and stays that way until two every night but Sunday. There is no sound barrier that the horn of Wild Bill Davison cannot leap in full stride. He and his Jazz Giants share the stage with Teddy Wilson's trio and Muriel Roberts' solo piano. No (sorry!) dancing.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (PL 9-3000)—Enzo Stuarti, whose Roman tenor is apt to blast the living nightlights out of the Persian Room during his dinner and supper outbursts, will cease and desist after Saturday, June 28, and so (for a week) will the dance bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte and the Room itself. . . . In **PLAZA 9**—AND ALL THAT **JAZZ**, the Americana Brass, a seven-man out-

fit from Columbus, Ohio, is for all ears; Mousie Alexander's threesome is for both ears and feet. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight. After Sunday, June 29, the room will close for a week. . . . The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. Closed Thursday through Saturday, July 3-5. . . . Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays). No music after eight on Thursday and Friday, July 3-4, though.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On Monday, June 30, Helen O'Connell, whose songs wear their hearts on their sleeves, will come back home to sing in the good, honorable, old-fashioned way that has nearly (tick-tick) gone out of fashion. Twice a night, except Sundays; dancing begins at seven.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Community spirit in an all-seasons resort on an Our Town basis. The permanent residents are led by the double piano of Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who are generally on hand from eight until forever. Closes Friday, June 27, for ten days. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the niceties of life after dark are considered the necessities. The ways of life trod by both the idle and the idyllic rich are the concern of the lyrics sung by Bobby Short, whose background is his own piano and his idyllic sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Not before nine-thirty, and not on Sundays. Closes for the summer after Monday, June 30. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica rum blends with the dishes and the decoration, both (like the rum) indigenous; the Jamaica ginger is made on the spot by the carolling, peripatetic singers. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays and Friday and Saturday, July 4-5; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The denizens of both bar and grill will, upon application, trust anybody over twenty-one, but that is mostly because they're having such a good time. Chuck Wayne's pensive but persuasive triad intersperses the conversation pieces until late at night. No music Sundays; closed Friday and Saturday, July 4-5. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): It's not quite the Ivy, though it offers resemblances to that London retreat, but it is sort of Ivy League. No Ivy, though, on the brow of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear and Manhattan, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): She would have been named Fifi or Mimi in Paris when it sizzled, but in the twentieth-century New World she is Rita Dimitri, an open bottle of champagne on a piano top. She sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Act 1, Scene 1 of a Hungarian operetta in rehearsal. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's hand represents the merry villagers. Dancing. The place goes on its midyear vacation after Sunday, June 29. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Rantipole, hubris, and tantivy, all because the waiters would rather sing for your supper. Closes Sunday, June 29, for the summer. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Most everything on Second Avenue is, as it should be, off limits; exception can be made for Charles De Forest, who, though he must spend his nights in a piano bar, sings distinctly non-piano-bar songs all night long. He lays off Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CHATEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. With-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Sibling of the Sign of the Dove but unlike it in every visual respect except for the prevailing spirit of prankery. Piano, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a ship-shape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig*, is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays; closed Friday, July 4. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Perfect pitch—that describes the setting in which the ancient art of Viennese dinner music is still carried on. It is produced by George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, between eight-thirty and one-thirty. Closed Sundays; no music Friday and Saturday, July 4-5. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Herman Honigsberg's strolling players (fiddles and music boxes) are enhancing the scene of their prime, and they certainly help make the scene. From seven until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Time is measured here in Roman numerals, and the architecture is Roman candles. In the midst of it all, Franco Pagani serves as ambient and articulate minstrel, from seven until midnight, except Saturdays. Closed Sunday, June 29, through Monday, July 7. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Bob Kail has just moved his piano into this noble refectory, where, except Saturdays and Sundays, he is in action from six until midnight. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): In the sunken living room, open to all outdoors, music goes on and on until midnight, except on Sundays. It begins at noon, if you really must, but there is always shelter under the beach umbrellas.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Friday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

JOHN CLEM CLARKE—He copies Copley (John Singleton); through Thursday, July 3. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

JAMES EARLE FRASER—Bronzes made from plaster models by a leading early-twentieth-century American sculptor; through Thursday, July 3. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

GORKY, DE KOONING, AND NEWMAN—Paintings by these influential Americans; starting Thursday, June 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

FRIEDRICH HUNDERTWASSER—The second half (1959-68) of a retrospective of paintings by a Viennese who has gained notice in

international exhibitions but whose first one-man show in New York this is; through Friday, June 27. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

KANDINSKY, FRANZ MARC, AND AUGUST MACKE—A large showing of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; through Friday, June 27. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

ROBERT KAUPELIS—Paintings based on the figure; through Friday, June 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KLEIN—Abstract Expressionist landscapes and abstractions; through Thursday, July 3. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St. Open Saturdays.)

LUCIANO MINGUZZI—Figurative sculptures, including studies for a door of the Cathedral in Milan; through Friday, June 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Gray paintings, some of them introducing the male nude; through Friday, June 27. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

EMIL NOLDE (1867-1956)—Watercolors; through Friday, June 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PAULÉMILE PISSARRO—Impressionist paintings by the surviving son of the Impressionist master; through Thursday, July 3. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A wide assortment of artists, among them Don David, Ernest Briggs, and Martin Hurtig; through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturday, June 28.) . . . **COLOMBIAN CENTER**, 140 E. 57th St.: Colonial and modern paintings, carvings, and sculptures from Colombia; through Sept. 30. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Jack Beal, James McFarrell, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley; through July 31. (Open Saturday, June 28; starting next Tuesday, closed mornings.) . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Boxer, Manning, Martin, Massey, Rabinowitz, and Vivona; through July 25. . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A few of the artists in a show of paintings by leading Americans of the first half of this century are Homer, Hopper, Dove, Henri, and Max Weber; through July 25. (Open Saturday, June 28.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Large paintings by artists identified with the gallery; through July 18. . . . **KENNEY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Western American art, by Remington, Russell, Catlin, Bierstadt, and others; through Thursday, July 3. . . . **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Joe Brainard, Carroll Cloar, Jack Squier, and Paul Wonner; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Works by Alechinsky, Bissier, Sugai, and others on the gallery's roster; through July 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 119 E. 57th St.: Eighty-five paintings and drawings by artists of the Nabi group, including Bonnard, Vuillard, and Gauguin; through Friday, June 27. . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists with studios in downtown Manhattan, among them Methfessel, Kadish, Tulchin, and Baranik; through Thursday, June 26. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 8 P.M.) . . . **NORDNESS**, 236 E. 75th St.: Ralston Crawford, Rico Lebrun, Walter Meigs, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebard are among the artists represented in an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and handicrafts; through July 11. . . . **ODYSSEA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by De Chirico, Schiele, Pascin, Giacometti, Picasso, Morandi, and other twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 29. . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: More than a hundred drawings, prints, and collages by Rosenquist, Grooms, Dine, Albers, Calder, Lichtenstein, and Lester Johnson (to name a few); through Saturday, June 28. . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists (for example, Cavallon, Brandt, Baber, and Boardman) and a few invited ones; through July 31. (Closed Mondays; starting July 1, Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 4.) . . . **SANDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and González; through Friday, June 27th. . . .
SCHOELKOPF, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, Walt Kuhn, and others; through July 18. . . .
WISE, 50 W. 57th St.: Works consisting of reflections in motion, by gallery regulars (including LeParc, Piene, Mack) and newcomers; through July 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is \$1.) . . . At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—One hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. . . . A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the sculptures and other creations of Jean Arp from the earliest works in 1903 to his death in 1966; through Sunday, June 29. . . . A hundred and fifty oils, watercolors, egg-tempera miniatures, and prints by Julius Bissier, a German refugee in Switzerland, who died in 1965; through Sunday, June 29. . . . Thirty paintings and sculptures by nine young artists in an exhibition intended to reflect "a broad spectrum" of current work in Europe and the United States; through Sunday, June 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, sculptures, films, and music, mostly created for a show called "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials," and meant to exist only for the exhibit's duration, by twenty-two artists, among them Carl Andre, William Bollinger, Eva Hesse, Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, Robert Ryman, and Richard Serra; through July 6. . . . Sixty-one paintings and fourteen drawings by Thomas Cole (1801-48), outstanding figure of the Hudson River School; starting Tuesday, July 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Friday, July 4, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Ocean Life offers a gargantuan model of a breaching blue whale, ingeniously affixed to the ceiling at a single impossible point. Around the walls are new dioramas of—ah—ocean life. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred paintings and fifty drawings constituting a retrospective covering all periods of the social realist Philip Evergood; through Sunday, June 29. . . . Fifty-four drawings by Italians, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A presentation of sculptures inflated by various means; starting Wednesday, July 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, except July 4, from 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, from 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5. Admission is \$1.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, from 9 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Several very large works apiece by four artists; through July 13. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, except July 4, from 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

JAZZ IN THE GARDEN—Thursday, June 26, at 8:30: PAZANT BROTHERS and BETTY BARNEY. . . .

Thursday, July 3, at 8:30: JAMES MOODY AND JOE NEWMAN QUINTET. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

PROCOL HARUM, THE BYRDS, AND RAVEN—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, at 8 and 11:30.

JEFF BECK GROUP, JETHRO TULL, AND SOFT WHITE UNDERBELLY—Fillmore East. Thursday, July 3, at 8 and 11:30.

JAMES BROWN REVUE—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 4, at 8.

IRON BUTTERFLY, BLUES IMAGE, AND MAN—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—Filar performances—CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: Wednesday, June 25, at 8:30 (rain date, June 26), "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Shirley Love, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 27, at 8:30 (rain date, June 29), "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten, George Shirley, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Bronx: Saturday, June 28, at 8:30 (rain date, June 29), "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil.

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug.

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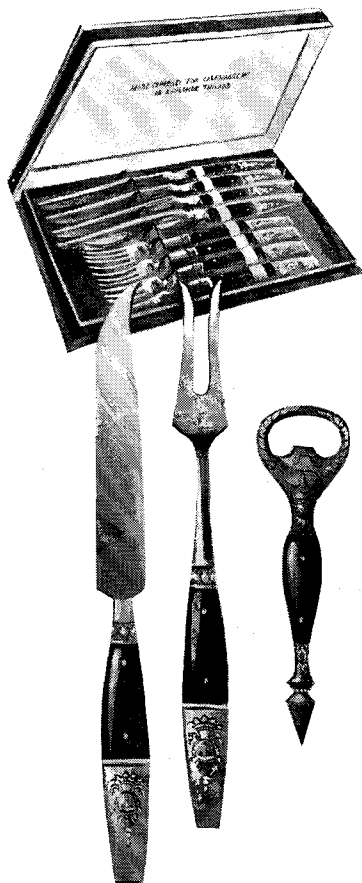
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

17. (First concerts on Wednesday, June 25, at 8:30—in the event of rain, next evening—and Friday, June 27, at 7, for picnickers; thereafter, on Sundays and Thursdays at 8:30.)...**Jak Zadikov** conducting the City Symphony Orchestra. (Saturday, June 28, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given on Monday, June 30.)...**Boyd Neel** conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with **Igor Kipnis**, harpsichord. (Friday, July 4, at 8:30.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Aug. 23. Thursday, June 26, at 7 and 9:30: **Benny Goodman** and **Lionel Hampton**. . . . Friday, June 27, at 8 and 10:30: **Tiny Tim** and **Sweetwater**. . . . Saturday, June 28, at 8 and 10:30: The Crazy World of **Arthur Brown** and **Rhinoceros**. . . . Monday, June 30, at 7 and 9:30: **Flip Wilson** and the **Modern Jazz Quartet**. . . . Wednesday, July 2, at 7 and 9:30: **Jerry Lee Lewis** and **Pacific Gas & Electric**. . . . Saturday, July 5, at 8 and 10:30: **Hugh Masekela** and **Willie Bobo**. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

RIVERSIDE PARK—**Frédérique Petrides** conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the last in a series of concerts, this one with **Jeanne Benjamin**, violin. (Wednesday, July 2, at 8:15. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

DAMOSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—**Richard Franko Goldman** conducting the Goldman Band in a series of concerts that will run through Friday, Aug. 15. (First concert Wednesday, July 2, at 8:30; thereafter, on Fridays at 8:30.)...**The United States Army Field Band**, conducted by **Major Hal J. Gibson**. (Thursday, July 3, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 31—Friday, July 4, at 7: **Lilian Kallir** and **Claude Frank** in a piano recital. . . . **Erich Leinsdorf** conducting the Boston Symphony in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 4, at 9: With **Christoph Eschenbach**, piano. . . . Saturday, July 5, at 8: With **John Browning**, piano. . . . Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: With **Mr. Frank**. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

WATERLOO VILLAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL—**Julius Rudel** directing the Caramoor Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of Handel's opera "Semele" in concert form, with **Beverly Sills**, soprano; **Elaine Bonazzi**, contralto; **Leopold Simoneau**, tenor; **John Ferrante**, counter-tenor; **Ara Berberian**, bass; and others. (Stanhope, N. J. Friday, July 4, at 8:30.)

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 3, at 8: "For the Jazz Aficionado," with **George Benson**, **Kenny Burrell**, **Bill Evans**, **Jeremy Steig**, **Young-Holt Unlimited**, **Freddie Hubbard**, **Sunny Murray**, **Anita O'Day**, **Sun Ra**, **Phil Woods**, and others. . . . Friday, July 4, at 2: "Giant Jam Session," with **Jimmy Smith** and **Friends**. . . . Friday, July 4, at 8: "An Evening of Jazz Rock," with the **Jeff Beck Group**; **Blood, Sweat, and Tears**; **Roland Kirk**; **Steve Marcus**; **Ten Years After**; **Jethro Tull**; and others. . . . Saturday, July 5, at 2: The **Gary Burton** quartet, **Miles Davis**, **John Mayall**, **Mothers of Invention**, **Newport All-Stars**, **Red Norvo**, **Tal Farlow**, **Ruby Braff**, and others. . . . Saturday, July 5, at 8: **Art Blakey**, **Dave Brubeck**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **Stephane Grappelli**, **Savage Rose**, **Sly** and the **Family Stone**, **O. C. Smith**, **World's Greatest Jazz Band**, **Maxine Sullivan**, and others. . . . Sunday, July 6, at 2: "An Afternoon with **James Brown**." . . . Sunday, July 6, at 8: "Schlitz Mixed Bag," with **Willie Bobo**, **Herbie Hancock**, **B. B. King**, **Buddy Rich** and his orchestra, **Johnny Winter**, **Led Zeppelin**, and others. (Festival Field.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The New York City Ballet will open a four-week season with performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (Saratoga Springs. Thursday through Saturday, July 3-5, at 8:30; and Sunday, July 6, at 3:30. Through Sunday, Aug. 24.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a two-week engagement by the Boston Ballet, with a different program each

day. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, June 26, at 3; Friday, June 27, at 8:40; Saturday, June 28, at 3 and 8:40; Thursday, July 3, at 3; and Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM**: **Mets** vs. **Philadelphia**, Wednesday, June 25, at 8:05, and Thursday, June 26, at 2:05. . . . **Mets** vs. **Pittsburgh**, Friday, June 27, at 8:05; Saturday, June 28, at about 8:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving members of the Cooperstown Hall of Fame, will start at 7); and Sunday, June 29, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: **Yankees** vs. **Baltimore**, Tuesday, July 1, at 8, and Wednesday, July 2, at 2. . . . **Yankees** vs. **Cleveland**, Friday, July 4, at 1 (doubleheader).

POLO—At **Bethpage Polo Field**, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, June 28. The **National Stallion** (for fillies), Wednesday, June 25, and the **Saranac Handicap**, Saturday, June 28. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 11 and 1:45, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, June 30, through Saturday, July 26. The **Tremont**, Monday, June 30, and the **Suburban Handicap**, Friday, July 4. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Aug. 7. The **Molly Pitcher Handicap**, Saturday, June 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

SOCCER—A four-game series for the United States Soccer Cup of Champions, involving **Sparta of Prague**, **Panathinaikos of Greece**, **A.C. Milan**, and **Inter of Milan**. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, June 27, at 8 and 10, and Sunday, June 29, at 2:30 and 4:30. For tickets, call 524-9547.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 24. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK**, Goshen: Monday through Friday, June 30-July 4, at 1:30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays, except Friday, July 4, at 8:15, and Friday, July 4, at 2:15; last day Saturday, Nov. 15.

ET ALIA

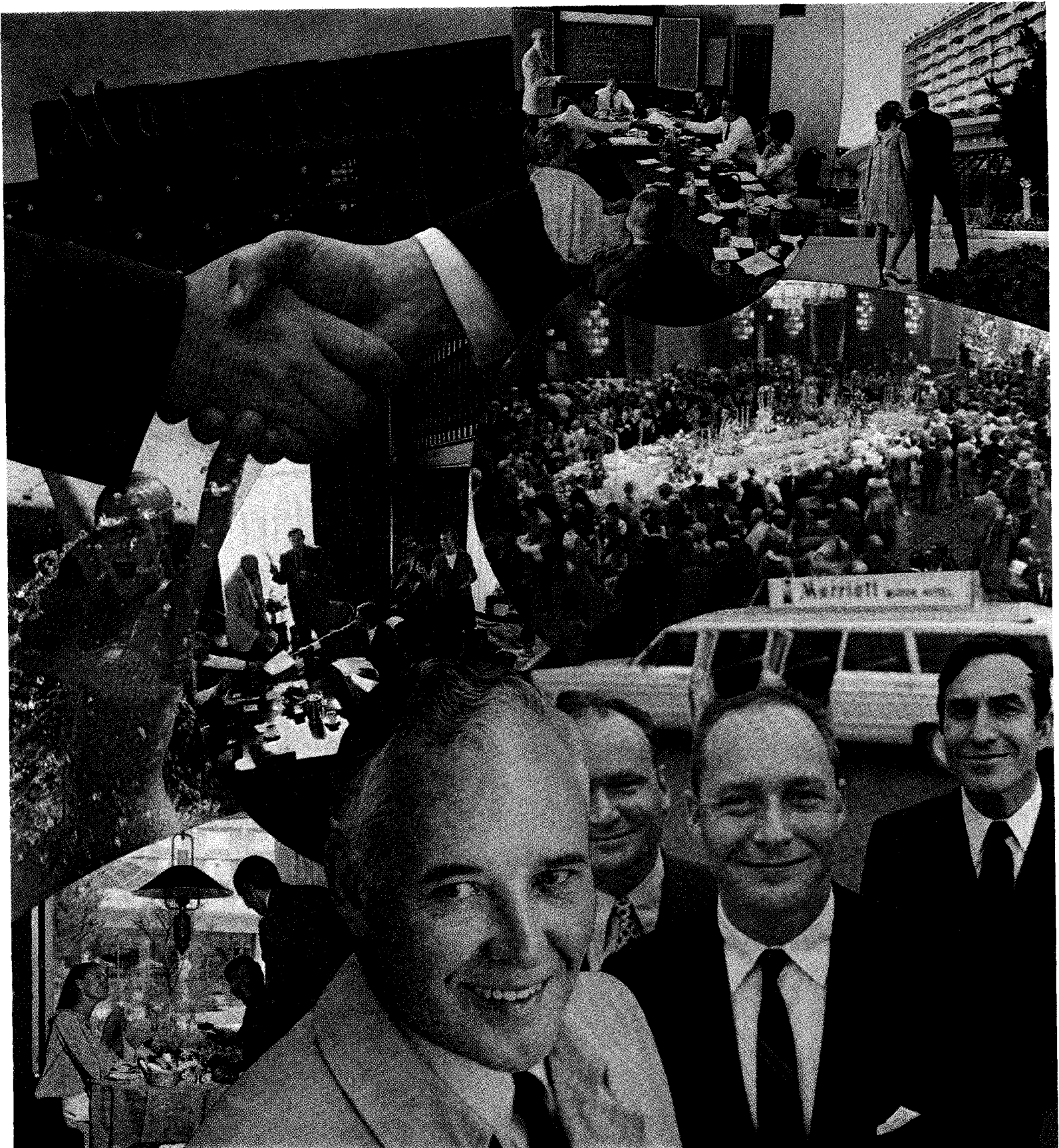
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; closed Friday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Friday, July 4.

WALKING TOURS—"Tompkins Square—Historic Lower East Side," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, June 29. Meets at Second Ave. at 2nd St. at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Six programs in a series called "A Tribute to Anita Loos": June 26 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Struggle" (1931); June 27 at 2 and 5:30, "Blondie of the Follies" (1932); June 28 at 3 and 5:30, "Red-Headed Woman" (1932); June 29 at 2 and 5:30, "Biography of a Bachelor Girl" (1933); June 30 at 2 and 5:30, "Girl from Missouri" (1934); July 3 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Lady of the Night" (1933). . . . June 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Kiss of Death" (1947), with **Victor Mature** and **Brian Donlevy**. . . . June 28 at 11:30: "Louisiana Story" (1948), directed by **Robert Flaherty**. . . . July 1 at 2: "Miss Julie" (1950), in Swedish, with **Anita Björk**. . . . July 1 at 5:30: "The Initiation" (1968), directed by **Paul Lammers**. . . . July 2 at 2 and 5:30: "The Phantom Charlot" (1920), a Swedish film, directed by, and with, **Victor Sjöström**. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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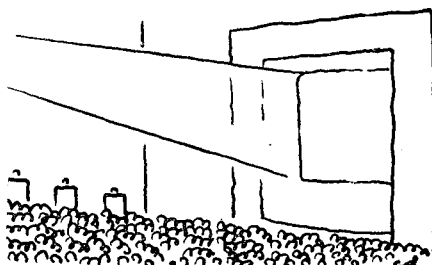
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
		25	26	27	28	
29	30	1	2	3		

ALPHAVILLE (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 25.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1920)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 3.)

BRINK OF LIFE (1959)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

CONTEMPT (1964)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot and Jack Palance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST (1954)—A film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 3, tentative.)

ELVIRA MADIGAN (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 3.)

FAHRENHEIT 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

FATHER (1966)—A story of the relationship between a lonely little boy and his dead father. Written and directed by István Szabó. In Hungarian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 1.)

FINIAN'S RAINBOW—A young director, Francis Ford Coppola, tries to bring life to a moldering Broadway operetta—a socially conscious fairy tale. With the help of Petula Clark and assists from Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn, he almost succeeds. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through July 1.)

FUNNY GIRL—The triumphant debut of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1706. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

GATES OF PARIS (1958)—Written and directed by René Clair, with Pierre Brasseur. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS—Philip Roth on the theme of a bright young Jewish boy who is caught in the middle of a Jewish joke and not laughing about it, although the joke itself is funny, because Richard Benjamin, as the hero, seems exceptionally alert to the familiar gambits with guilt-giving. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1959)—The doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuèle Béatrice Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

IF . . .—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society, in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

IKIRU (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

THE LION IN WINTER—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form,

but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE LOVES OF ISADORA—Karel Reisz's finely intelligent study of the character of Isadora Duncan, wonderfully acted and danced by Vanessa Redgrave. Some hamfist in the movie industry not only added "The Loves of" to the original title but also lopped off nearly an hour of the film's running length. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE MAGICIAN (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 1-3.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 25.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through June 30. . . .) Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 3.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman look good as the ersatz cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

MR. ARKADIN (1955)—Directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles and Michael Redgrave. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 25.)

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through June 30.)

MONTEREY POP—*Cinéma vérité* about a pop music festival two summers ago in California, photographed by Donn Pennebaker with a team of associated cameramen and a revolutionary way of recording sound. Showing with a grimly funny short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday conferring in Hawaii. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

LOLA MONTÉS—This is New York's first public run of Max Ophüls' best and last film. When he made it, in 1955, the backers cut it to ribbons. It is set in a circus, with Peter Ustinov as a ringmaster; Martine Carol as a king's courtesan, now declined into a display object for mobs, and risking her neck as a trapeze artist; and Anton Walbrook as the Bavarian king whom she loved. Ophüls' famous whirling style and his constant sense of cross-play between hyperbole and common reality turn the film into something close to Mozartian opera. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

NAZARIN (1958)—Buñuel's film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. Francisco Rabal plays the priest. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

THE ODD COUPLE (1968)—A film version by

Gene Saks of Neil Simon's Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. With Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 1.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 3.)

OLIVER!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Wednesday through Friday, June 25-27, at 2:30 and 8:40; Saturday, June 28, at 10:30, 2, and 8:40; and Sunday, June 29, at 2, 5:30, and 8:40. Thereafter, nightly at 8:30; matinees weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

POPI—Alan Arkin, a splendid actor, as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE—Maggie Smith as Muriel Spark's heroic, eccentric, snobbish teacher (a cross between Emlyn Williams' Miss Moffat and Norman Podhoretz' Mrs. K.), and Celia Johnson as Miss Brodie's quietly implacable enemy. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REPULSION (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

ROSEMARY'S BABY (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 1.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

THE SPANISH EARTH (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

STOLEN KISSES—A modern comedy-romance in an improvised style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 2.)

TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS (1962)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

THE THIN MAN (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 25.)

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 1-3.)

TWO DAUGHTERS (1963)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 30.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 26-July 2.)

WINNING—Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and the Indianapolis "500." This first feature by director James Goldstone makes his next something to look forward to. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through July 2.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

IF...

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)

"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

"Titticut Follies" (1967), a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)

Through July 1: **FATHER** (in Hungarian); and "The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

From July 2: **STOLEN KISSES** (in French); and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" (1968), Barry Evans.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through July 1: **FINIAN'S RAINBOW**.

From July 2: "Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)

MONTEREY POP.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"The Lost Man," Sidney Poitier, Joanna Shimkus.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

POPI.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)

"The Wild Bunch," William Holden, Ernest Borgnine.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)

Through July 1: "You Only Love Once" (in French).

From July 2: "Slaves," Stephen Boyd, Dionne Warwick.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

Through July 1: "That Cold Day in the Park," Sandy Dennis.

From July 2: "3 Into 2 Won't Go," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"The Boys of Paul Street," Anthony Kemp.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

"The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

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AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)

"The Lost Man," Sidney Poitier, Joanna Shimkus.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)

"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)

"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

"The Maltese Bippy," Dan Rowan, Dick Martin.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

"Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

Through July 3 (tentative): **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-1180)

"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

"Mackenna's Gold," Gregory Peck, Omar Sharif.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)

"The Chairman," Gregory Peck, Anne Heywood.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

POPI.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)

June 25: **THE MALTESE FALCON**; and **THE THIN MAN**.

June 26-July 2: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French); and "The Lovers of Teruel" (1962; in French), Ludmila Tcherina.

From July 3: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French); and **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

Through July 1: "The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

From July 2: "The Love Bug," Dean Jones, Michele Lee.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

LOLA MONTÉS (in French).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE and GATES OF PARIS (both in French).

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Through June 30: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French); and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).

July 1-3: **THE MAGICIAN** and **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (both in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)

Through July 1: **FINIAN'S RAINBOW**.

From July 2: "Slaves," Stephen Boyd, Dionne Warwick.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)

FUNNY GIRL.

STATE I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)

OLIVER!

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)

"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)

Through July 2: **WINNING**.

From July 3: "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)

Through June 28: "Listen, Let's Make Love" (in Italian).

From June 29: "The Devil by the Tail" (in French), Yves Montand, Maria Schell.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"The Fool Killer," Anthony Perkins.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)

THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)

"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 1: "2" (in Danish).

From July 2: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

June 25: **BEAT THE DEVIL**; and **MR. ARKADIN**.

June 26-July 2: "42nd Street" (1933), Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler; and "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933), Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers.

From July 3: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German); and **HUMAN BONDAGE**.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through July 1: **THE ODD COUPLE**; and **ROSEMARY'S BABY**.

From July 2: "2" (in Danish).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

June 25: **REPULSION**; and **CONTEMPT** (in French).

June 26: **FAHRENHEIT 451**; and **ALPHAVILLE** (in French).

June 27: **IKIRU** (in Japanese); and **THE SPANISH EARTH**.

June 28: **NAZARIN** (in Spanish); and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).

June 29: "The Red Shoes" (1948), Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (1962; in French), Ludmila Tcherina.

June 30: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali); and "The Playboy of the Western World" (1963), Siobhan McKenna.

July 1: **TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS** and **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (both in French).

July 2: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**; and **BRINK OF LIFE** (in Swedish).

July 3: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**; and "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel" (1938), Barry K. Barnes.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)

ROMEO AND JULIET.





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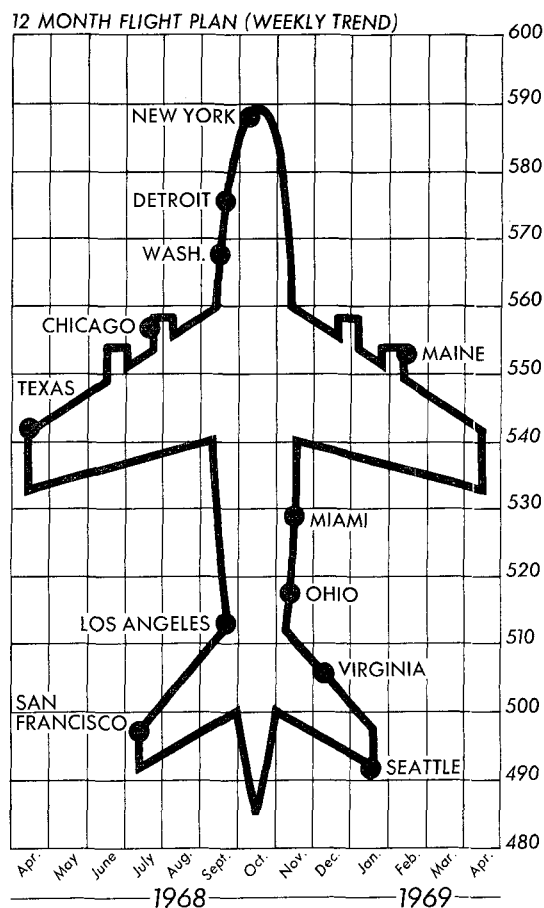
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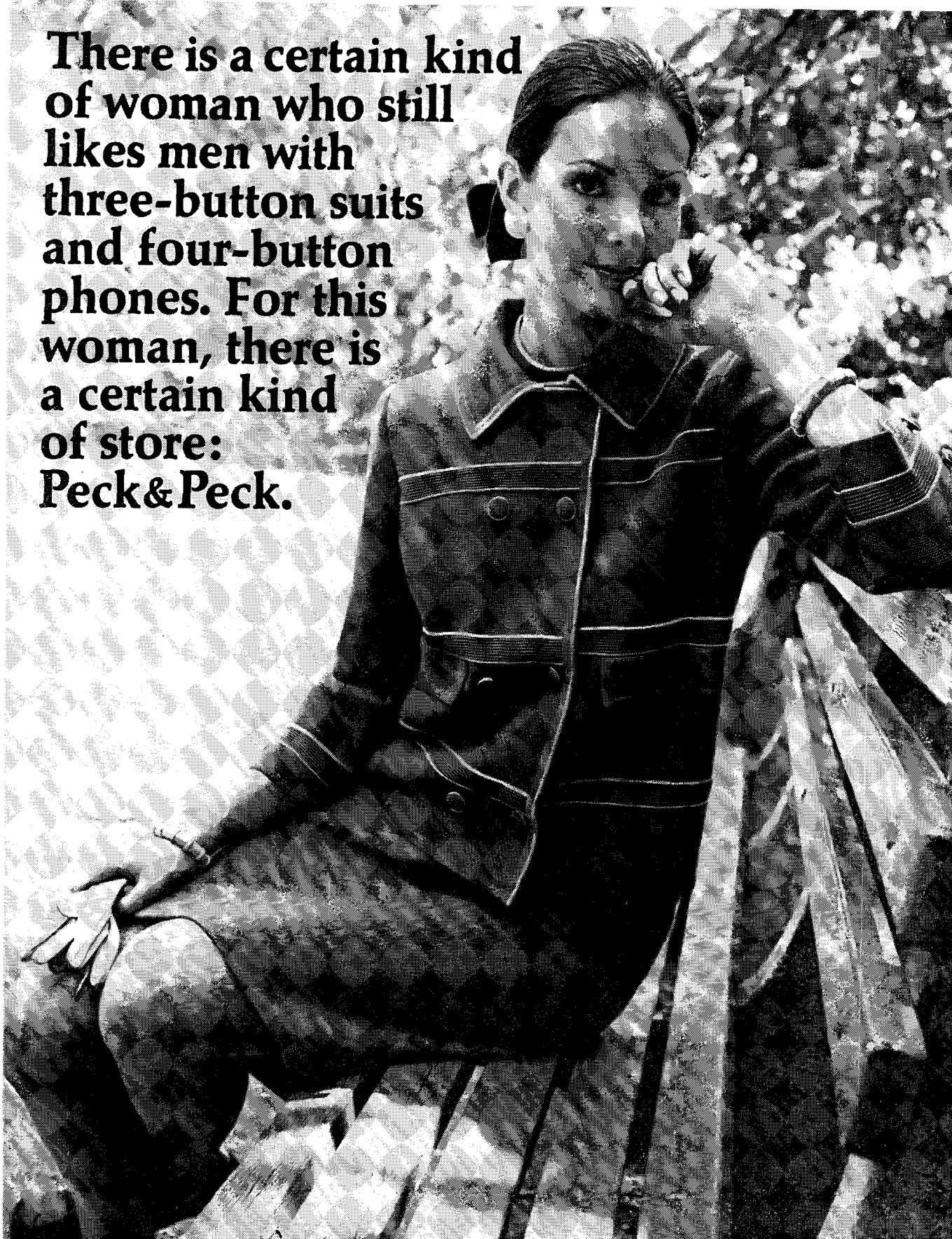
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN observation on certain of last week's events, and a statement of intent: "For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—*Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews*.

The Mayor

TWO days after the first political defeat of his career, Mayor John Lindsay was expected to read poetry in Bryant Park, behind the New York Public Library. His appearance—the fourth in a series of readings under the auspices of the city's Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs Administration—had been arranged before his defeat. Sharing the bill with the Mayor was Dorothy Stickney, the actress. We arrived a half hour before noon, the starting time, and a sizable audience, largely young, was already seated on the Library's rear steps, facing a lectern painted institutional green. Taped to the front of it was a poster that listed some poets who would be appearing later in the series, among them Ned O'Gorman and A. B. Spellman. "This is the only program in the series in which non-poets are to read," a young man from the Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs Administration told us. "The Mayor and Miss Stickney have each selected some favorite poems, but I wonder now about the timing. I shouldn't think he'd particularly feel like reading poetry today."

Some four hundred people had filled the steps and were standing three-deep on the adjoining terraces. The Mayor suddenly came into sight. He was frowning and seemed abstracted. He was greeted by emphatic and prolonged applause, whereupon he grinned, quickened his pace, and joined Miss Stickney in front of the lectern. They alternated readings, the Mayor having chosen poems—mostly about the city—by Hart Crane, Langston Hughes, Ogden Nash, E. E. Cummings, and Archibald MacLeish. Miss Stickney was charm-

ing and skillful. The Mayor, though less accomplished in delivery, read in a strong, clear voice and with considerable zest. He was wearing a light-brown summer suit, a blue-and-white striped shirt, and a black knit tie, and he looked lean and fit.

We saw one of the Mayor's aides, whom we knew, and asked him if he'd recovered from primary night.

"Recovered?" He smiled, and said, "I think it's worked out marvellously. Now we're the only liberals in the race. After all, this is still predominantly a liberal town. Two-thirds of the Democratic vote went *against* Mario Procaccino. Where are they going to go, if not to John? Also, less than a million people voted in the primaries. When the rest come out in November, I can't see our losing unless the liberal Democrats run their own man. And I don't think they'll do that. Sure, they might be able to knock John off that way, but what kind of city will they have left? Another thing. This defeat has humanized John with regard to the electorate. By God, he's capable of losing! He's not Superman anymore! They're no longer going to expect him to be able to clean the streets and do everything else all by himself. And once he was proved vulnerable, he came back fighting on the very night he lost. Did you notice that he didn't even congratulate Marchi? He started in on him and Procaccino right away. He got off the floor swinging. It's a great way to go into the final campaign."

The poetry readings were over by a quarter to one, and the Mayor was immediately surrounded by well-wishers, shaking his hand, promising support.

"Did you ever write any poetry?" a boy of about fifteen asked him.

"Yes," the Mayor answered while shaking someone else's hand. "But it was so bad I never tried again."

"You've got to keep up the fight," a young black woman said, stepping in front of the Mayor.

"I intend to," he said.

"I tell you," the Mayor's aide said to us. "This thing has really been a shock to a lot of people. Now they really know what's at stake. We're going to be overwhelmed with volunteers."

We followed the Mayor out of the park and onto Fortieth Street, where his car was waiting. He sat in front with a detective, and we got into the back seat with the aide. Just as the car was starting, a tense man in his early thirties leaned into the front window and said to the Mayor, "Why don't you take your defeat like a man?"

The Mayor roared with laughter as the car moved away. "Now, how are you supposed to answer that?"

Seconds later, we were stopped by a red light. Another citizen recognized the Mayor, came over, and said, "I sent you some material on low blood sugar. You ought to look at it. This is a serious problem. It has a lot to do with delinquency in the ghettos."

The Mayor looked puzzled, and then said, "Oh, I thought you were saying that I had low blood sugar."

When the car was in motion again, we asked the Mayor how he *had* taken the first political defeat of his career.

"It's curious," he said. "I was more detached about this election than any other I've been in. I'm getting that way more and more about politics. You've got to be scientific and look at things more objectively." He was smiling slightly.

"But if you stay detached, how are you going to infuse any passion into the campaign?" we asked.

He laughed. "There'll be enough passion," he said.

Earlier that day, we told the Mayor,



a leading liberal Democrat, an ally of Herman Badillo, had said to us that he might be disposed to support the Mayor in November, provided the Mayor fully realized that his primary defeat had actually liberated him. "He's free now of the biggest hindrance to his own development—the Republican Party, or at least the most conservative and reactionary wing of it," the man had said.

"Well, I never felt I had any obligations to that wing," the Mayor said, after a pause. "Look, I don't take the position that I'm abandoning the Republican Party. Sure, we're going to form a new party to get another line on the ballot, but I can't predict how durable a coalition that will be—whether it'll last beyond this election. But I'm still an enrolled Republican, and I intend to stay that way, although the city administration will continue to be a Fusion one. And when the election is over, I hope to bring the Republican Party back into the progressive channels in which it ought to be."

"Does that include Governor Rockefeller?" we asked. "He said he'd support the winner of the Republican primary."

"How can he support Marchi without turning his back on the city?" The Mayor said. His voice had taken on an edge. "After all, Marchi is the captive handmaiden of a small group of Albany bosses who don't understand the city, who won't help the city, and who have often hurt the city. How can a progressive political leader put himself in that bag?"

We asked the Mayor his reaction to the theory that his first political defeat had brought him down to a more human scale and would thereby make him more attractive to the electorate.

The Mayor seemed amused. "It's an interesting theory, but when you get into a battle, you're usually in it to win," he said. "I'm not going to pretend I didn't want to win this one. For a Republican who is a Fusion candidate in New York, it's best to keep all the marbles you can. It's difficult to win in a city that is so strongly Democratic. Very difficult."

"But now that you *have* lost the primary, how do you ever expect to turn the local Republican Party back into the channels in which you want it to go?" we asked.

"By winning," the Mayor said instantly. "The Party is still reacting to a different way of doing things in this city. My job as mayor has been to challenge people, including Republicans. Shake them up, change things. And no

established groups like that. They'll always fight you unless you lie down and play dead. O.K., now I've lost a round. But I've hardly given up."

"Do you agree with those who feel that the odds now are actually in your favor for November because the lines are so clearly drawn?" we asked.

The Mayor shrugged. "Who knows?" he replied. "It depends on so many factors. It depends on how people behave in the city during the summer and in the fall. I would think that the outcome will be uncertain until the very end. I felt that way before the primary; I feel that way now."

"Did you ever seriously think of not running for reelection?" we asked.

The Mayor nodded affirmatively. "Oh, yes, I could have come to that decision," he said. "While making up my mind, I was listening to a wide spectrum of opinion, and if the weight of that opinion had come down strongly against my running again, I might well have taken that route."

"Even if that meant leaving unfinished so much of what you've started?" we asked.

"Yes, and I'll tell you why," the Mayor said. "For everyone involved, a campaign in a city like this is a killer. It's murderous in terms of energy, time, money—and nervous systems. And you can't go into it alone. I had to find out—and it's a hard thing to do—whether there were enough people I respected who were committed to go through all of that with me. Then I had to decide if it was worth putting them through that ordeal. Well, I came to the conclusion that there are enough people willing to go through the meat grinder with me. And once I did decide to run, there were no longer any doubts. Now, the way it's worked out, with Marchi and Proccacino on the other side, I'm glad I'm in it. This city has got to be kept moving into change. It has to be guided. No city—not this one, not any of them—can survive unless it is willing to face up to hard reality and do something about it."

The car had arrived at Gracie Mansion. As we stepped out, we told the Mayor that he seemed to be in good

physical shape for the campaign ahead.

"I've been getting in some tennis," he said. "I murdered a pro the other day."

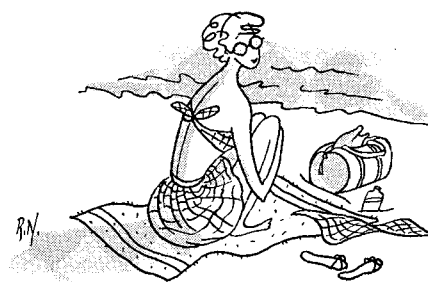
"How's your second serve?" we asked, remembering that the last time we had seen him play tennis, a couple of years ago, he was putting all his energy and resourcefulness into his first serve, and if he faulted on that, he would make the second one soft and cautious.

"That's coming right along," the Mayor said, and smiled. "It's got a very tricky bounce to it now. That took a lot of doing, but nothing comes easy."

Hayride

NEW YORK CITY's rustic pleasures are so few that when we learned of a stable on Staten Island that offers the public hayrides, we put on our blue jeans and hopped on the ferry. After a breezy trip over the bay, we were met at the Staten Island end by the owner of Clove Lake Stables—Mrs. Adele Franzreb, a plump, blond widow dressed in jodhpurs. During the ten-minute car ride from the ferry to the Stables, Mrs. Franzreb told us that she and her husband, who died in 1967, opened them in 1933. "Teaching horseback riding is our primary business," she said. "Hayrides are an offspring of it. We started them a few years ago, and we now have three hay wagons. It costs a group fifty dollars to rent a wagon for two and a half hours. Each wagon can hold up to thirty people. Groups from all over the city and Long Island hire the wagons. Some of them learn about us from the Manhattan Yellow Pages—we're the only stable in any of the five boroughs listed under 'Hayrides.'"

It was almost seven when we reached Clove Lake Stables, which sit on eleven acres that were once simply part of a rural landscape but are now something of an oasis of woods and fields in a suburban setting; the Stables' immediate neighbors include a crowded cemetery and several tall new apartment houses. We took a quick look at the pleasantly pastoral scene—a horse grazing in a meadow, the Stables' uncountable Dalmatians roughhousing underfoot—before we were invited to climb into one of the three wagons, which are painted a cheerful yellow and blue. Our wagon was pulled by a pair of chestnut horses with flaxen manes and tails; they answered to the names Tom and King. Our drivers were two Staten Islanders—John Toth, sixteen, a nephew of Mrs. Franz-





reb's, and Harry Capers, eighteen. Our fellow-passengers were seventeen teenagers; eleven of them appeared to be young ladies and six to be young men—they were all wearing long pants, long-sleeved shirts, and long hair. All seventeen were either members of the Young People's Fellowship Group of a Presbyterian church in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn or friends of members. Three couples in their late teens were on dates; the others seemed unattached.

As we settled into the ticklish hay, Harry called out the Stables' four rules. "No lighting matches or cigarettes in the wagon. It's a fire hazard," he said. "No throwing hay out of the wagon. The Sanitation Department doesn't groove with the idea of hay on the streets. Hay is considered litter. Stay seated, because we'll be driving over paved streets, and they're hard. And at the one stop we'll make, stay close to the wagon and don't be too disorderly."

"We got you," one of the girls said when he had finished.

Tom and King walked obediently out of the Stables' main gates and onto the asphalt road. First, we passed the cemetery, and then block after block after block of middle-class suburban homes. The sun was low in the sky, but mothers were still out on the sidewalks with their toddlers, ice-cream

venders were plying their wares, and sprinklers were keeping the inevitable small but tidy squares of front lawn green. Inside the hay wagon, our companions were strangely subdued. Some chewed wisps of straw; others chewed gum. There was a great deal of staring into space. Conversation was sparse. Every now and then it seemed to begin, but before it ever really got started it stopped.

"I saw 'Goodbye, Columbus,'" one girl said to another.

"Oh, yeah? Was the line long to get in?"

"Yeah, it was long."

Silence.

After a while, a girl said to a boy, "I lost seven pounds on my diet. Yogurt."

"I can go through three cheeseburgers with French fries and coleslaw, and a couple of pieces of pie, and three glasses of milk for lunch, and I never put on a pound," he replied.

"Some people have all the luck," the dieter said.

"Yup," the big eater agreed.

More silence.

The horses walked, and sometimes trotted, past countless modest frame, brick, or shingled houses, their lawns graced with flagpoles and a superabundance of statuary (mostly elves and jockeys); past churches of every denomination; past an occasional armory,

Knights of Columbus Hall, fire station, or funeral parlor; past a cluster of small stores (a grocery, a pizza place, a dry-cleaner).

"Drama isn't real life. It's a heightening of real life," an earnest young man explained to the girl next to him. "Whereas comedy is an escape from life."

"Uh-huh," she answered.

Traffic was light, and most of the cars we met were courteous and gave the wagon a wide berth, but a number of local hot-rodders whizzed by us. "Easy, easy," Harry or John said every now and again to the horses. "Talking to a team is ninety per cent of driving," Harry told us. "A horse is like a big dog. It needs affection and reassurance. The horses don't care for police-car sirens, souped-up engines, or the air brakes on buses, but this is a good, quiet team. You have to match the horses by color, gait, and temperament. Tom is a ham. King is in the movie 'Hello, Dolly!'"

Older people sat on their front steps or porches, chatting and drinking beer. Time went by quickly and agreeably as we rode along, rolling with the bumps and enjoying the leisurely pace and the tranquillity. The orange sun plummeted toward the horizon, and all at once the light was dim and the air turned crisp.

"Leo goes perfectly with Aquarius,"

a girl named Linda said. "One is fire, the other is water."

"What's Libra?" a girl wearing white duck hip-huggers asked.

"Fire," Linda replied.

"What about Scorpio?" a girl in green bell-bottoms inquired.

"Geez, I can't remember. But Virgos make perfect parents."

By eight-fifteen, the mothers and small children had withdrawn into their lighted three-bedroom split-levels, which glowed cozily in the dark. Older boys were still riding their bikes or playing ball on the streets. One boy threw a basketball at the horses, almost hitting King; the thespian was not perturbed, but John caught the ball and confiscated it, and returned it only after he got the apology he demanded. The kids in the hay wagon made the peace sign to the basketball players and to all the other groups we passed, who always replied in kind.

"Are all of you for peace?" we asked a young man with impressive sideburns.

"I'm a warmonger, myself," he answered. "Churchill used the same sign for victory. It's just a high sign among kids. We sure can't pull out of Vietnam dishonorably."

As the stars, planets, and satellites

appeared in the sky, one of the girls said, "Let's sing." Several of her friends agreed. The girl sang a few tentative bars of "We Shall Overcome." No one sang with her. She switched to "A Place in the Sun." No one joined in. She stopped singing. No one had brought a guitar. No one had brought a transistor radio, either.

It was almost nine when we stopped at an abandoned construction site for the promised break. There was a lot of smoking but little more talking than there had been in the wagon—just a brief conversation between two girls, wearing braces, about the merits of one Dr. Levy, a Brooklyn orthodontist frequented by both.

Back in the wagon, the three couples had their arms around each other. One couple, Cathy and Peter, were on a blind date.

"Did you already start to like me when you called me on the phone?" Cathy asked, putting her head on Peter's shoulder.

"Sure," he said, taking her hand in his.

It was about nine-thirty when we got back to Clove Lake Stables. As we arrived, we asked one of our companions how he'd enjoyed the hayride.

"It was O.K.," he said. "You see, I

don't mind doing nothing for a couple of hours."

Richard Hughes

MR. RICHARD HUGHES, the novelist, came to town about a month ago to address the American Academy of Arts and Letters. We had a leisurely lunch and a good, long chat with Mr. Hughes a day or two after his speech, and we discovered, to our pleasure, that his talk is as good as his writing. We encouraged him to tell us about his life and his work, and he did so, charmingly. We may say, by way of introduction, that Mr. Hughes is as old as the century, that he sports an elegant beard (he says that he used to be asked what is this young man doing wearing a beard and that now he is asked what is this old man doing wearing a beard), and that his recent visit to New York was his first in forty years.

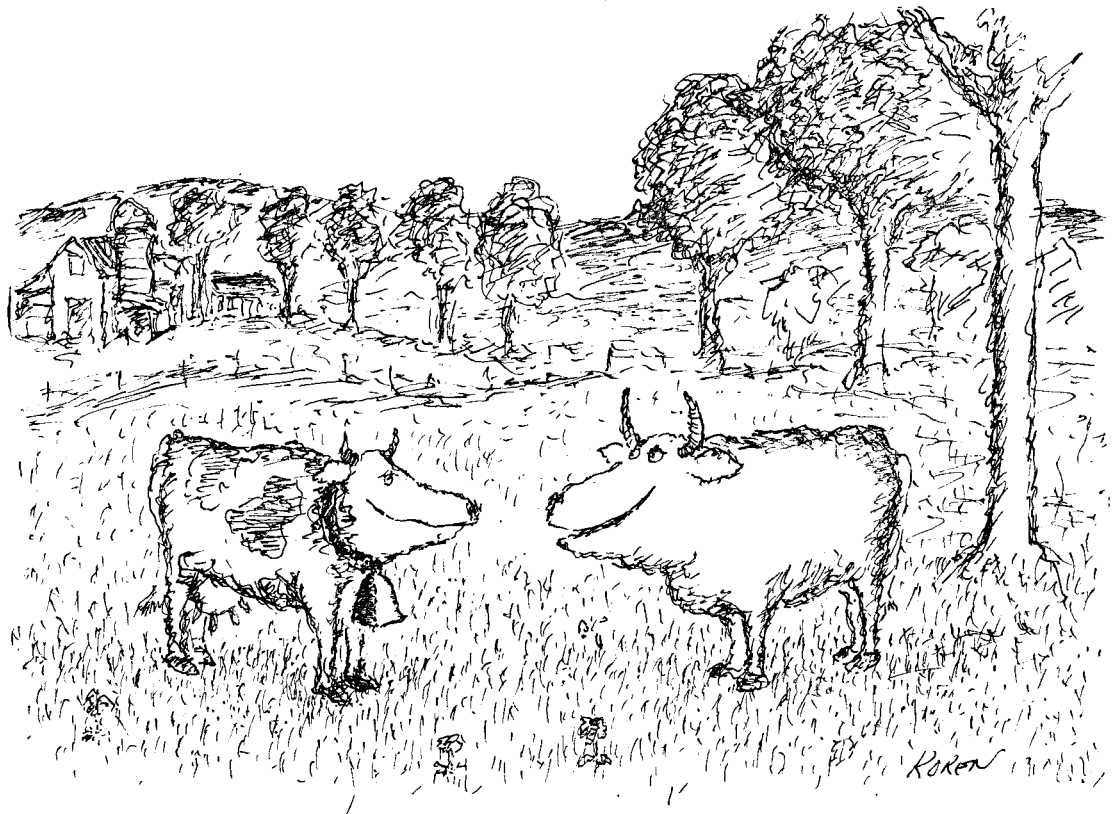
"I am very pleased to be back in New York, because it is the one city I have visited that hasn't changed at all in forty years," Mr. Hughes began. "It is still the same city of dreaming spires towering over medieval hovels that it was in 1929. People who live here will tell you that New York is changing all the time, but that is be-

cause their eyes are focussed on the details, and it is only the details that change. This building has gone up, and that building has come down. The city itself is exactly the same. The last time I was hereabouts, I was finishing 'A High Wind in Jamaica.' I began it on an island in the Adriatic, actually, but I finished it in a frame house near New Milford. Before that, I was at Charterhouse and then Oriel College, Oxford, where I gave quite little time to my studies and scored the rare degree of a double fourth. Do you ever play darts? A double fourth is a little like scoring two outers running. I began 'High Wind' in 1925, when I was twenty-five, and it took me three years to write. It's no good beginning a novel too young, because when you're young you're changing too fast. Anything needing the continuity of a novel requires that the chap who writes Chapter 10 be



"Oh dear! I know it's surfing, polo, and skiing. But I can't remember which is which."

the same chap who wrote Chapter 1. I set myself the age of twenty-five as the earliest possible age at which to embark on a novel. I had never been to Jamaica when I started to write about it, which was a good thing. It spared me from anachronisms. My mother had spent four or five years there as a child, and I was brought up on her childhood memories of the place. So I had a child's-eye view. What started me off was reading a scrap of paper that an older friend showed me. An old lady had written down for my friend a description of how as a child she had been one of four or five children travelling from Jamaica to England when their ship was captured by pirates. Some of the pirates had taken the children off to their schooner while the others were ransacking the ship. The children were given a whale of a time, and then put back. This was a new idea—that pirates were sentimental about children. I began to wonder what would happen if a group of pirates were suddenly landed with a group of children. In the ensuing conflict, which side would go under? I spent a lot of time in the British Museum reading up on piracy to find out what it was like in its declining years as an industry. That told me what I wanted to know about pirates. To find out about children, I borrowed some—one at a time—from friends. If you are alone with a child, he will talk to you. Having no permanent state of responsibility over them, I was able to see children without the distorting spectacles of parenthood. I remained in close proximity to each child for a week or so, and found them more unbuttoned that way. I found myself liking them very much, and I've now got ten grandchildren of my own. Children are vulnerable, like pirates, but vulnerable in different places. When I got to the house near New Milford, it was almost winter, and while I stayed there it gradually grew colder and colder. I considered that I lived very well. For ten dollars a week I had a house, food, a pony, and a Model T Ford. Eventually, it grew too cold. I would crack eggs to fry, and find that they had gone solid in the shell. When it got so cold that I couldn't boil water on an oil stove, I gave up and went down South



"Your bell sounds lovely this evening."

to Virginia. When the book finally appeared, it was well received by many people but not by all. The headmistress of the Royal School for Officers' Daughters, at Bath, said that, in the first place, none of her girls would ever commit a murder, and that, if they had, they would own up. All three of my novels, I am happy to say, have always remained in print since their first publication. It is hard now to look back and think that I am the same chap. I have discovered that you do not finish growing up when you grow up.

"I think my favorite book of my own is the one I haven't yet written. I am a slow writer, and what makes me particularly slow is that, as I am writing, I am never planning ahead. If I wrote a perfect scenario for a book, then there would be no need to write the book. My most recent book, 'The Fox in the Attic,' is about Hitler and Germany. I spent the Battle of Britain in the Admiralty getting inside news of the war. I don't see how anyone could live through that period and not make it one's major theme. It would be flying in the face of Providence. I waited a decade before I began to write, to get everything into perspective. I never originally planned for it to be a long book, but I doubt now whether I will get everything I have to say into three books. I am writing a historical novel of my own period, and I am trying to pursue two kinds of

truth at the same time—the truth of fiction and historical truth, but I'm not allowing myself the license of altering the historical truth. Novels are the only way we can experience people as people and not things. This was the main theme of my speech here the other day, and, apparently, what I had to say annoyed a historian in my audience very much. He told me that he deeply resented my remarks and that it was impossible to write history without getting inside people. I told him, 'In that case, *you* are writing fiction.' A novel is our only chance to be someone else. Even in marriage we never lose our self-consciousness, never penetrate our partner's I-ness. All we can do is tap out loving messages on the dividing wall. The annual Blashfield Address of the American Academy, which is what I delivered, is strictly limited to twenty minutes. This makes you consider what you want to say. Speaking is an entirely different art from writing. A writer has no particular audience in mind. His writings just bob on the water waiting for someone to find them. Nowadays, we are retreating from the novel. The archetypal non-reader of fiction was Hitler. A hundred years ago, far more fiction was published than anything else. Today, about a fifth of the books published are novels. This disturbs me. The generation that read and wrote novels was the generation that abolished slavery."

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MIDSUMMER MORNING I—THE LONDON ROAD

THE stooping figure of my mother, waist-deep in the grass and caught there like a piece of sheep's wool, was the last I saw of my country home in Gloucestershire as I left it to discover the world. She stood old and bent at the top of the bank, silently watching me go, one gnarled red hand raised in farewell and blessing, not questioning why I went. At the bend of the road, I looked back again and saw the gold light die behind her; then I turned the corner, passed the village school, and closed that part of my life forever.

It was a bright Sunday morning in early June—the right time to be leaving home. My three sisters and a brother had already gone before me; two other brothers had yet to make up their minds. They were still sleeping that morning, but my mother had got up early and cooked me a heavy breakfast, had stood wordlessly while I ate it, her hand on my chair, and had then helped me pack up my few belongings. There had been no fuss, no appeals, no attempts at advice or persuasion, only a long and searching look. Then, with my bags on my back, I'd gone out into the early sunshine and climbed through the long wet grass to the road.

It was 1934. I was nineteen years old, still soft at the edges, but with a confident belief in good fortune. I carried a small rolled-up tent, a violin in a blanket, a change of clothes, and a tin of treacle biscuits. I was excited, vainglorious, knowing I had far to go but not, as yet, how far. As I left home that morning and walked away from the sleeping village, it never occurred to me that others had done this before.

I was propelled, of course, by the traditional forces that had sent many generations along this road—by the small tight valley closing in around one, stifling the breath with its mossy mouth, the cottage walls narrowing like the arms of an iron maiden, the local girls whispering, "Marry, and settle down." Months of restless unease, leading to this inevitable moment, had been spent wandering about the hills, mournfully whistling, and watching the high open fields stepping away eastward under gigantic clouds.

And now I was on my journey, in a pair of thick boots and with a hazel stick in my hand. Naturally, I was going to London, which lay a hundred miles to the east; and it seemed equally obvious that I should go on foot. But first, as I'd never yet seen the sea, I thought I'd walk to the coast and find it. This would add another hundred miles to my journey, going by way of Southampton. But I had all the summer and all time to spend.

That first day alone—and now I was really alone—steadily declined in excitement and vigor. As I tramped through the dust toward the Marlborough Downs, a growing reluctance weighed me down. White elderblossom and dog roses hung in the hedges, blank as unwritten paper, and the hot, empty road—there were few motorcars then—reflected Sunday's waste and indifference. High sulky summer sucked me toward it, and I offered no resistance at all. Through the solitary morning and afternoon, I found myself longing for some opposition or rescue, for the sound of hurrying footsteps coming after me and family voices calling me back.

None came. I was free. I was affronted by freedom. The day's silence said, Go where you will. It's all yours. You asked for it. It's up to you now. You're on your own, and nobody's

going to stop you. . . . As I walked, I was taunted by echoes of home, by the tinkling sounds of the kitchen, shafts of sun from the windows falling across the familiar furniture, across the bedroom and the bed I had left.

When I judged it to be teatime, I sat on an old stone wall and opened my tin of treacle biscuits. As I ate

them, I could hear Mother banging the kettle on the hob and my brothers rattling their teacups. The biscuits tasted sweetly of the honeyed squalor of home—still only a dozen miles away.

I might have turned back then if it hadn't been for my brothers, but I couldn't have borne the look on their faces. So I got off the wall and went on my way.

When darkness came, full of moths and beetles, I was too weary to put up the tent. So I lay myself down in the middle of a field and stared up at

the brilliant stars. Then the fumes of the night finally put me to sleep—

my first night without a roof or bed.

I was woken soon after midnight by drizzling rain on my face; the sky black, and the stars all gone. Two cows stood over me, windily sighing, and the wretchedness of that moment haunts me still. I crawled into a ditch and lay awake till dawn, soaking alone in that nameless field. But when the sun rose in the morning the feeling of desolation was over. Birds sang, and the grass steamed warmly. I got up and shook myself, ate another biscuit, and turned again to the south.

NOW I came down through Wiltshire, burning my roots behind me and slowly getting my second wind; taking it easy, idling through towns and villages, and knowing what it was like not to have to go to work. Four years as a junior in a gaslit office in Stroud had kept me pretty closely tied. Now I was tasting the extravagant quality of being free on a weekday—say, at eleven o'clock in the morning—able to scuff down a side road and watch a man herding sheep, or a stalking cat in the grass, or to beg a screw of tea from a housewife and carry it into a wood and spend an hour boiling a can of spring water.

As for this pocket of England through which I found myself walking, it seemed to me immense. A motorcar, of course, could have crossed it in a couple of hours, but it took me the best part of a week, treading it slowly, smelling its different soils, spending a whole morning working round a hill. I was lucky, I know, to have been setting out at that time, in a landscape not yet bulldozed for speed. Many of the country roads still followed their original tracks, drawn by packhorse or lumbering cartwheel, hugging the curve of a valley or yielding to a promontory like the wandering line of a stream. It was not, after all, so very long ago, but no one could make that journey today. Most of the old roads have gone, and the motorcar, since then, has begun to cut the landscape to pieces, through which the hunched-up traveller races, chin to knee, seeing less than a dog in a ditch.

But for me, at that time, everything I saw was new, and I could pass it slowly through the hours of the day. While still only a day's march from home, coming through Malmesbury and Chippenham, already I noticed different shades of speech. Then, a day or so later, I passed down the Wylde Val-



ley and came out onto a rolling plain—a sweep of old dry land covered with shaggy grass, which looked as though it had just been cropped by mammoths. Still vague about places, I was unprepared for the delicate spire which rose suddenly out of the empty plain. As I walked, it went before me, gliding behind the curve of the hill and giving no hint of the city beneath it.

Just a spire in the grass; my first view of Salisbury, and the better for not being expected. When I entered the city I found it was market day, the square crowded with bone-thin sheep. Farmers stood around in groups talking sideways to each other and all looking in opposite directions. The pubs were bursting with dealers counting out crumpled money. Shepherds and dogs sat around on the pavements. Supreme above all towered the misty cathedral, still prince of the horizontal town, throwing its slow shifting shade across the market square and jingling handbells of bells like coins.

AFTER a week on the road I finally arrived at Southampton, where I'd been told I would see the sea. Instead, I saw a few rusty cranes, and a compressed-looking liner wedged tightly between some houses; also some sad allotments fringing a muddy river which they said was Southampton Water.

Southampton Town, on the other hand, came up to all expectations, proving to be salty and shifty in turns, like some ship-jumping sailor who'd turned his back on the sea in a desperate attempt to make good on land. The streets near the water appeared to be jammed with shops designed more for entertainment than profit, including tattooists, ear-piercers, bump-readers, fortune-tellers, wheelk-bars, and pudding-boilers. There were also shops selling kites and paper Chinese dragons, colored sands and tropical birds; and lots of little step-down taverns panelled with rum-soaked timbers and reeking of pickled eggs and onions.

As I'd been sleeping in fields for a week, I thought it was time I tried a bed again, so I went to an old doss house down by the docks. The landlady, an old hag with a tooth like a tin-opener, said it would cost me a shilling a night, demanded the money in advance, treated me to a glass of whiskey, then showed me up to the attic.

Early next morning, she brought me a cup of tea and some water in a wooden bucket. She looked at me vaguely and asked what ship I was



"It's true, darling, I am a kook, but first I'm a mother."

from, and only grunted when I said I'd come from Stroud. Then she spotted my violin hanging on the end of the bed and gave it a twang with her long blue nails. "Well, hey diddle diddle, I reckon," she muttered, and skipped nimbly out of the room.

Presently I got up and dressed, stuck my violin under my jacket, and went out into the streets to try my luck. It was now or never. I must face it now, or pack up and go back home. I wandered about for an hour looking for a likely spot, feeling as though I were about to commit a crime. Then I stopped at last under a bridge near the station and decided to have a go.

I felt tense and shaky. It was the first time, after all. I drew the violin from my coat like a gun. It was here, in Southampton, with trains rattling overhead, that I was about to declare myself. One moment I was part of the hurrying crowds, the next I stood nakedly apart, my back to the wall, my hat on the pavement before me, the violin under my chin.

The first notes I played were loud and raw, like a hoarse declaration of protest; then they settled down and began to run more smoothly and to stay more or less in tune. To my surprise, I was neither arrested nor told to shut up. Indeed, nobody took any notice at all. Then an old man, without

stopping, surreptitiously tossed a penny into my hat as though getting rid of some guilty evidence.

When I'd finished the first tune, there was over a shilling in my hat: it seemed too easy, like a confidence trick. But I was elated now; I felt that wherever I went from here this was a trick I could always live by.

I worked the streets of Southampton for several days, gradually acquiring the truths of the trade. Obvious enough to old-timers, and simple, once learned, I had to get them by trial and error. It was not a good thing, for instance, to let the hat fill up with money—the sight could discourage the patron; nor was it wise to empty it completely, which could also confuse him, giving him no hint as to where to drop his money. Placing a couple of pennies in the hat to start the thing going soon became an unvarying ritual—making sure, between tunes, to take off the cream, but always leaving two pennies behind.

Slow melodies were best, encouraging people to dawdle (Irish jigs sent them whizzing past); but it also seemed wise to play as well as one was able, rather than to ape the dirge of the professional waif. To arouse pity or guilt was always good for a penny, but that was as far as it got you, while a tuneful appeal to the ear, played with

sober zest, might often be rewarded with silver.

Old ladies were most generous, and so were women with children, shop-girls, typists, and barmaids. As for the men: heavy drinkers were always receptive, so were big chaps with muscles, bookies, and punters. But never a man with a bowler, briefcase, or dog; respectable types were the tightest of all. Except for retired Army officers, who would bark, "Why aren't you working, young man?" and then overtip to hide their confusion.

Certain tunes, I discovered, always raised a response, while others touched off nothing at all. The most fruitful were invariably the tearoom classics and certain of the juicier national ballads. "Loch Lomond" and "The Rose of Tralee" called up their supporters from any crowd—as did "Largo," "Ave Maria," Toselli's "Serenade," and "The Whistler and His Dog." The least rewarding, as I said, was anything quick or flashy, such as "The Devil's Trill" or "Picking Up Sticks," which seemed to throw the pedestrian right out of his stride and completely shatter his charitable rhythm.

All in all, my apprenticeship proved profitable and easy, and I soon lost my pavement nerves. Those first days in Southampton were a kind of obsession; I was out in the streets from morning till night, moving from pitch to pitch in a gold-dust fever, playing till the tips of my fingers burned.

When I judged Southampton to have taken about as much as it could, I decided to move on eastward. Already I felt like a veteran, and on my way out of town I went into a booth to have my photograph taken. The picture was developed in a bucket in less than a minute, and has lasted over thirty years. I still have a copy before me of that summer ghost—a pale, oleaginous shade, posed daintily before a landscape of tattered canvas, his old clothes powdered with dust. He wears a sloppy slouch hat, heavy boots on his feet, tent and fiddle slung over his shoulders, and from the long empty face gaze a pair of eggshell eyes.

A FEW miles from Southampton, I saw the real sea at last, head on: a sudden end to the land, a great sweep of curved nothing rolling out to the invisible horizon and revealing more distance than I'd ever seen before.

As I pushed along the shore, I was soon absorbed by its atmosphere, new, mysterious, alien: the gritty edge on the wind, the taste of tar and salt, the

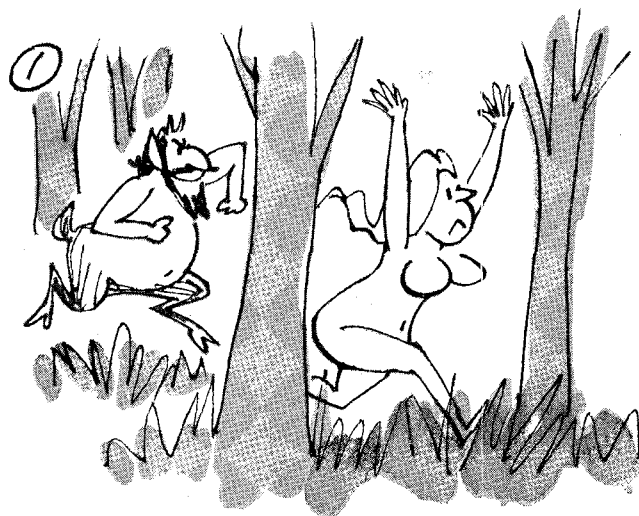
smell of stale seashells, damp roads and mackintoshes, and the sight of the quick summer storms sliding in front of the water like sheets of dirty glass. Here were the sea shantytowns, sprawled like a rubbishy tide-mark, the scattered litter of land and ocean—miles of tea-shacks and bungalows, apparently built out of wreckage, and called "Spindrift" or "Sprite o' the Waves." Here and there, bearded

men sat on broken verandas painting water-colors of boats and sunsets, while big women with dogs, all glistening with teeth, policed parcels of private sand.

I spent a week by the sea, slowly edging toward the east, sleeping on the shore and working the towns. I remember it as a blur of summer, indolent and vague, broken occasionally by some odd encounter. At Gosport, I performed at a barrack-room concert in return for a ration of Army beef. In front of Chichester Cathedral, I played "Bless This House" and was moved on at once by the police. At Bognor Regis, I camped out on the sands, where I met a fluid young girl of sixteen, who hugged me steadily throughout one long, hot day. At Littlehampton, I'd just collected about eighteen pence when I was moved on again by the police. "Not here. Try Worthing," the officer said. I did so, and was amply rewarded.

Worthing at that time was a kind of Cheltenham-on-Sea, full of rich, pearl-chokered invalids. Each afternoon they came out in their high-wheeled chairs and were pushed round the park by small hired men. Standing at the gate of the park, in the main stream of these ladies, I played a selection of spiritual airs, and in little over an hour collected thirty-eight shillings—which was more than a farm laborer earned in a week.

At Worthing, I turned my back on the sea and headed north for London, still over fifty miles away. It was the third week in June, and the landscape was frosty with pollen and still coated with elderblossom. I forgot everything but the way ahead. I walked steadily, effortlessly, hour after hour, in a kind of swinging, weightless dream. I was at that age which feels neither strain nor friction, when the body burns magic fuels, so that it seems to glide in warm air, about a foot off the ground,



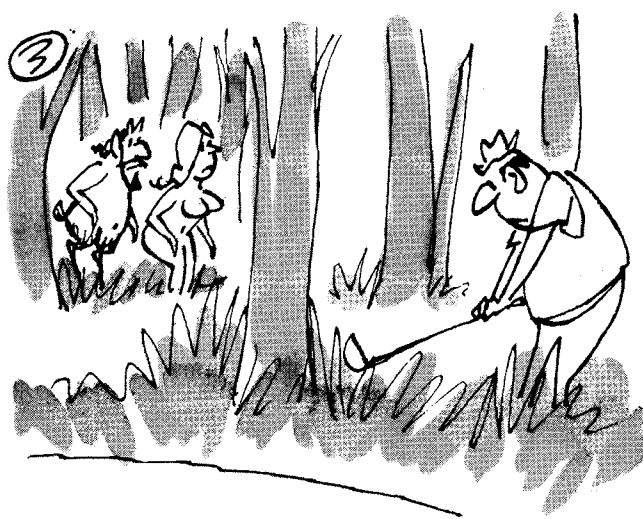
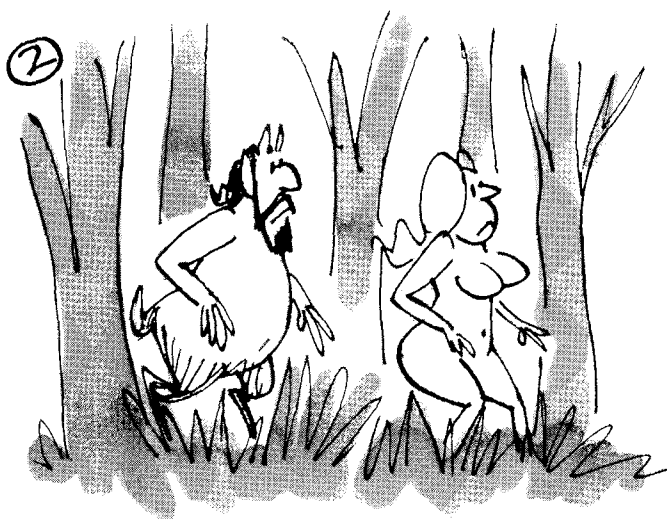
smoothly obeying its intuitions. Even exhaustion, when it came, had a voluptuous quality, and sleep was caressive and deep, like oil. It was the time of the body's total extravagance, before the accounts start coming in.

BUT I was not the only one on the road; I soon noticed there were many others, all trudging northward in a sombre procession. Some, of course, were professional tramps, but the majority belonged to that host of unemployed who wandered aimlessly about England at that time.

One could pick out the professionals; they brewed tea by the roadside, took it easy, and studied their feet. But the others, the majority, went on their way like somnambulists, walking along and seldom speaking to each other. There seemed to be more of them inland than on the coast—maybe the police had seen to that. They were like a broken army walking away from a war, cheeks sunken, eyes dead with fatigue. Some carried bags of tools, or shabby cardboard suitcases; some wore the ghosts of city suits; some, when they stopped to rest, carefully removed their shoes and polished them vaguely with handfuls of grass. Among them were carpenters, clerks, engineers from the Midlands; many had been on the road for months, walking up and down the country on the jobless treadmill of the middle nineteen-thirties.

Then, for a couple of days, I got a companion. I was picked up by the veteran Alf. I'd turned off the road to set up camp for the night when he came filtering through the bushes.

I'd seen him before; he was about five feet high and was clearly one of the brotherhood. He wore a deerstalker hat, so sodden and shredded it looked like a helping of breakfast food, and round the waist of his mackintosh,



which was belted with string, hung a collection of pots and spoons.

Rattling like a dustbin, he sat down beside me and began pulling off his boots.

"Well," he said, "you're a poor little bleeder, 'ent you?"

Rummaging through the hardware round his waist, he produced a battered can, the kind of thing my uncles brought home from the war—square, with a triangular handle. It was a miniature cauldron, smoke-blackened outside and dark, tannin-stained within.

"'Ere, take it," he said. "You make me miserable." He started to build a fire. "I'm goin' to boil you a bit of tea and taters." And that is what he did.

We stayed together as far as Guildford, and I shared more of his pungent brews—screws of tea, sugar, scraps of meat and cake, which he'd then boil up in one awful mess. He was a tramp to his bones, always wrapping and unwrapping himself, and picking over his bits and pieces. He wasn't looking for

work; this was simply his life, and he carefully rationed his energies—never passing a patch of grass that looked good for a shakedown, nor a cottage that seemed ripe for charity. He said his name was Alf, but one couldn't be sure, as he called me Alf, and everyone else.

Alf talked all day, but was garrulously secretive, and never revealed his origins. As for his own technique of roadwork, he wasn't slow out of laziness but because he moved to a deliberate timetable, making his professional grand tour in a twelvemonth's rhythm, which seemed to him fast enough. During the winter he'd hole up in a London doss house, then restart his leisurely cycle of England, turning up every year in each particular district with the regularity of the seasons. Thus he was the spring tramp of the Midlands, the summer bird of the South, the first touch of autumn to the Kentish Weald—indeed, I think he firmly believed that his constancy of motion spread a kind of reassurance among the housewives, so that he was looked for

and welcomed as one of the recurring phenomena of nature, and was suitably rewarded therefore.

At Guildford, we parted, Alf turning east for the Weald, which for him still lay three months away.

"So long, Alf," I said.

"So long, Alf," he answered. "Try not to be too much of a nuisance."

London was now quite near, not more than a two days' walk, but I was still in no particular hurry. So I turned northwest and began a detour round it, rather like a wasp sidling up to a jam jar. Then, a few mornings later, coming out of a wood near Beaconsfield, I suddenly saw the city at last—a long, smoky skyline hazed by the morning sun and filling the whole of the eastern horizon. Dry, rusty-red, it lay like a huge flat crust, like ash from some spent volcano, simmering gently in the summer morning and emitting a faint, metallic roar. Mystery, promise, chance, and fortune—all I had come to this city to find. I hurried toward it, impatient now, its sulphur stinging my nostrils. I had been a month on the



"Now, you march right back to your family, Chalmers, and tell them you do so perform a meaningful function."

road, and the suburbs were long and empty. In the end, I took a tube.

MY village, my home town, each had a kind of duckpond center, but London had no center at all—just squat little streets endlessly proliferating themselves like ripples in estuary mud. I arrived at Paddington in the early evening, and walked around for a while. The sky was different here, high, wide, and still, rosy with smoke and the westering sun. There was a smell of rank oil, rotting fish and vegetables, hot pavements and trodden tar; and a sense of surging pressure, the heavy used-up air of the cheek-by-jowl life around me—the families fermenting behind slack-colored curtains, above shops and in resounding tenements, sons changing their shirts, daughters drying their hair, waistcoated fathers staring at their tea, and in the streets the packed buses grinding nose to tail and the great night coming on.

I was excited, having got here, but also unprepared, and I wasn't sure what I was going to do.

Eventually, I got myself a job with a building company and found myself a snug little room over an eating house in the Lower Richmond Road—a shambling second-floor back which overhung the railway and rocked all day to the passing trains, while the hot, meaty steam of boiling pies filtered up through cracks in the floor.

The café downstairs was a shadowy tunnel lined with high-backed wooden pews, carbolic-scrubbed and exclusively male, with all the comforts of a medieval refectory. My rent of twenty-five shillings included the furnished room and three café meals a day—a carte-blanc arrangement which I exploited fully and which introduced me to new ways of eating. The blackboard menu, propped on the pavement outside, offered a list as immutable as the elements: "Bubble. Squeak. Liver and B. Toad-in-the-Hole. Meat Pudding or Pie." My favorite was the pie—a little basin of meat wrapped in a caul of suety dough which was kept boiling all day in a copper cauldron in a cupboard under the stairs. Turned out on the plate, it steamed like a sodden napkin, emitting a mournful odor of laundries; but once pricked with the fork it exploded magnificently with a rich lava of beefy juices. There must have been over a pound of meat in each separate pie—a complete workingman's meal, for sixpence.

Arnold, the proprietor—who was also my landlord—was a man in his early thirties, a rounded dandy with heavy white jowls and delicate parboiled hands. He did all the work alone, both the cooking and the serving, and moved with the rolling dignity of a eunuch, dressed in tight cotton gowns, buttoned up to the throat, which also gave him the appearance of one of his

cloth-wrapped pies. Each day, before breakfast, he padded around the tables laying out the morning newspapers like hymn sheets; and these again were scrupulously changed in the evening. The customers also had the benefit of his soft-voiced summaries of the day's news. I've never known a man who gave to this particular job such a sense of modest, almost priestlike, dedication, advising and serving the laborers at his table and taking their coppers like a church collection.

In fact, this ascetic purveyor of gross Toads and Squeaks was something of a mystery, a hallucination. One might have imagined him to have chosen the job as a purge, an act of self-abasement, but certainly not for the money. I lived for six months in his house, but I never knew him—

though I knew he had another life. I knew, for instance, about the two pretty children who visited him briefly each Saturday night. And that in his first-floor back he kept in careful seclusion a young and beautiful wife. Sometimes as I climbed to my room, I saw her standing in her half-open doorway, a tantalizing picture of voluptuous boredom, her hair piled high and elaborately set, her eyes burning. She wore a white silk wrap, and her toenails were painted green. She was about my own age, but she never spoke. Nor did Arnold ever mention her.

My job at the buildings took it out of me at first, and I lived at a pitch of healthy exhaustion. All day, I pushed barrows of wet cement till my muscles stretched and burned. At night, I returned to the steaming café, ate my pie, then climbed to my backstairs room, where I sat half dozing at the window table, gazing down at the long green trains.

Of course, I'd not much identity with the city yet; it was just rooftops and a changing sky, a thump of radios coming from open windows, and the summer yelp of the back-street children. And the frail cord with my family was still uncut. Boot boxes of flowers came by post from my mother, sweet slipshod gatherings from the fields and hedges, wrapped in damp moss and ivy leaves.

My days with Arnold, however,

were numbered. A girl came to live on the floor above me. She moved into the attic cupboard just under the roof, which till then had only stored potatoes. The girl seemed to do no work. Her friends came in the evening and left in the morning. Then Arnold would take her breakfast up on a tray. At last, apologetically, he said he'd be wanting my room. It seemed he was extending the business.

THE next lodging I found was somewhat more secure, with a half-Cockney, half-Irish family, who lived in a compact little setup a dozen yards from the High Street in a squat row of Victorian villas. Here, for twenty-five shillings a week, I got a ground-floor room, meals and laundry and a bright coal fire, the use of the parlor on Sundays, and the warmth of the basement kitchen whenever I felt like extra company.

Mrs. Flynn, my landlady, was a valiant blonde, with something of the twilight beauty of Gloria Swanson—a kind of smooth, open face that was tough yet wistful, backed by a garrulous and romantic fancy. There seemed to be two Mrs. Flynns: one girlish and easy, the other born to furious protest. Mornings saw her most angry, a chain-smoking sweeper of rooms, a tousled mop in a dressing gown; then at night, after supper, she emerged in gold lamé, with silkily reconditioned hair, to engage the world in a monologue of bubbling non sequiturs, full of giggles, regrets, and yearnings. Sleekly bent to her cocoa, splendidly robed and corseted, she would then tackle any subject on earth. She'd describe the deer out at Richmond, wearing their beautiful antelopes. She'd give her views on the Russian revulsion. She'd warn me never to get married; she'd married too young, a mistake, she'd been much too impressive. But she liked men with thick lips, the curling rosebud type—she always thought they looked so essential....

Mrs. Flynn was Cockney, her absent husband Irish. But

there was another somewhere lost in her life. He had been Irish, too, a Celtic prince, now gone. She'd mention him tragically, then hoot with laughter. It was that robust, good-natured hunger about her that balanced her bouts of frenzy. Together with those easy tears and sudden giggles of self-mockery. She must have been younger than I thought at the time.

The rest of the family consisted of Mrs. Flynn's two children, who were as different as night and day—black-eyed Patsy, a sexily confident child of eight, and blond Mike, a speechless lad of eleven. There was also Beth, the landlady's unmarried sister, a fey, self-effacing spirit, who moved in the background like an anxious guardian and held the whole house together. She watched over us all, worked in an office by day, cooked the supper and scrubbed clothes in the evening, reflected her sister's moods like a seismograph, and shyly explained and excused.

I soon fitted into the house, and was enveloped by it. At six, a huge meal on a copper tray was brought in by the pigtailed Patsy, who then sat on the floor, her bare knees to her chin, and mercilessly watched me eat it. She'd pay another brief visit before going to bed. "Ma says anything else you want?" Squirming, coy, a strip of striped pajamas, Miss Sweater Girl of

ten years later—already she knew how to stand, how to snuggle against the doorpost, how to frame her flannel-dressed limbs in the lamplight.

Once the children were in bed, other sounds took over, mysterious but soon familiar. Beth down at the sink, mangling the evening's wash, or chopping up piles of sandwiches for the morning. Mrs. Flynn, in pale fur, leaving for the dog races at Wembley Stadium, or stranded alone for the night in the basement, banging her head on the table or laughing the whole thing off with a half-pint bottle of stout. Then sometimes, quite late, from away in the attic, one might hear a succession of howls and groans, reverberating alarms pitched in a sepulchral baritone like the complaining of Hamlet's ghost. But it was only Mr. Willow, Mrs. Flynn's other lodger, an old actor long since retired, who liked to fill up his solitude by repeating the lines of his onetime triumph: "The Curse of Dr. Fu Manchu."

Otherwise, when home, I spent self-contained evenings, writing by the fire, or playing the fiddle, till just before bed Beth brought me a large tray of supper and perhaps something she'd copied for me to read. It was like being in a family again, except that these knocked on my door and didn't ask me to help with the housework. And when I was



ill they looked after me, reduced the rent, and Mrs. Flynn brought me bottles of Guinness.

As for the great spread of London, which I'd come here to discover, I don't think I even began to get the feel of it then. But I can remember the presence of London, its physical toughness at that time, its homespun, knock-about air. There was more life in the streets then (it cost money inside) and people thronged outdoors in the evenings. One saw them standing on corners, in the doorways of pubs, talking in groups, eating from paper bags. And the streets themselves had an almost rustic confusion—Edwardian transport in all its last-ditch vigor: rattling old buses, Coster ponies and traps, prim little taxis like upright pianos, and huge dray wagons laden with beer and flour and drawn by teams of magnificent horses.

Yet to me, when off duty, London offered a well-heeled idleness, even on two pounds five shillings a week. It was a time of rootless enjoyment, and also luxurious melancholy, which I took care to spin out and nourish. Walking almost everywhere, and most often alone, I studied my shadow, my face in the windows, acknowledging the thrust of London and what it demanded of me—fame and fortune at the very least. This was what I was here for, and what they expected back home. Yet my head was idle and empty.

So I did what I could, short of coming to grips; staring at the river, or playing billiards, and waiting. Writing, destroying, confident of time, wandering the heath, not particularly troubled; or picking up servant girls from the last great houses, gnawing at the chicken wings they brought me, lying taut among the bushes in the broken lamp-light and fancying myself with grander loves.

The City itself, with its courtyards and passages, was familiar, like odd corners of Stroud—faded brass plates nailed to flaking doorways, ancient messengers in mold-green coats, tottering porters carrying coal to stuffy clerk-filled attics, an air of wet biscuits and crumbling parchment. But hooded, cramped, and slyly unrecognizable as the countinghouse of the treasuries of the world. And not at all what I expected. It made me uneasy.

HALF my life, of course, was spent on the buildings, submerged by the mindless, invigorating routine. For almost a year, every weekday morning, I put on my lime-caked clothes, walked up Putney Hill, left my lunch with the

THE OLD PRO'S LAMENT

Each year, the court expands,
the net moves back, the ball
hums by—with more spin.

I use my second serve,
lob deeper, slice more,
stay away from the net, and fail
to win.

As any fool can tell,
it is time
to play the game purely
for the game's sake—to applaud
the puff of white chalk,
shake hands,
and grin.

Others retire
into the warm corners of memory,
invent new rules, new games,
and win.

Under the hot lances
of the shower, I play each point over,
and over,
and over
again.

Wisdom is the natural business
of old men—
to let the body go,
the rafters, moth-eaten and decayed,
cave in.

But nightly in dreams I see
an old man
playing in an empty court
under the dim floodlights
of the moon
with a racket gone in the strings—
no net, no ball, no game—
and still playing
to win.

—PAUL PETRIE

tea boy, and climbed up into the wind-swept scaffolding. I was one of a gang of wheelbarrow-pushers, supplying wet cement for the floors, rhythmically shuttling to and fro across the springing duckboards, and slowly rising as the buildings grew.

For eleven hard months, on the site of an elegant mansion that had been torn down, we raised three unbeautiful blocks of flats—squat, complacent, with mean leaded windows, bogus balconies, and imitation baronials. They were the only things I ever had a hand in building, and I still think of them with some affection, and return there occasionally, even today, to stare amazed at their cramped pretensions.

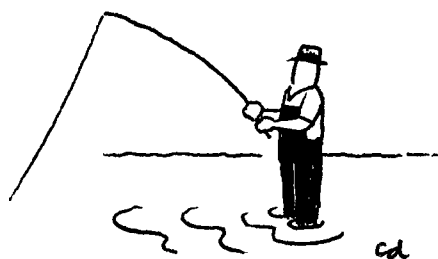
As builders' laborers we were the villains of industry and came at the bottom of the hierarchy of the workers. Unskilled, insecure, poorly paid, often dangerous, the job recruited what it could get; and many of my mates were that kind of city-bred dwarf which must have been the result of centuries of thin blood and compression. Yet they were tough, uncomplaining, almost fatalistic, and ageless in look and manner. Physically cramped and hard, with squashed-up limbs, crop-headed

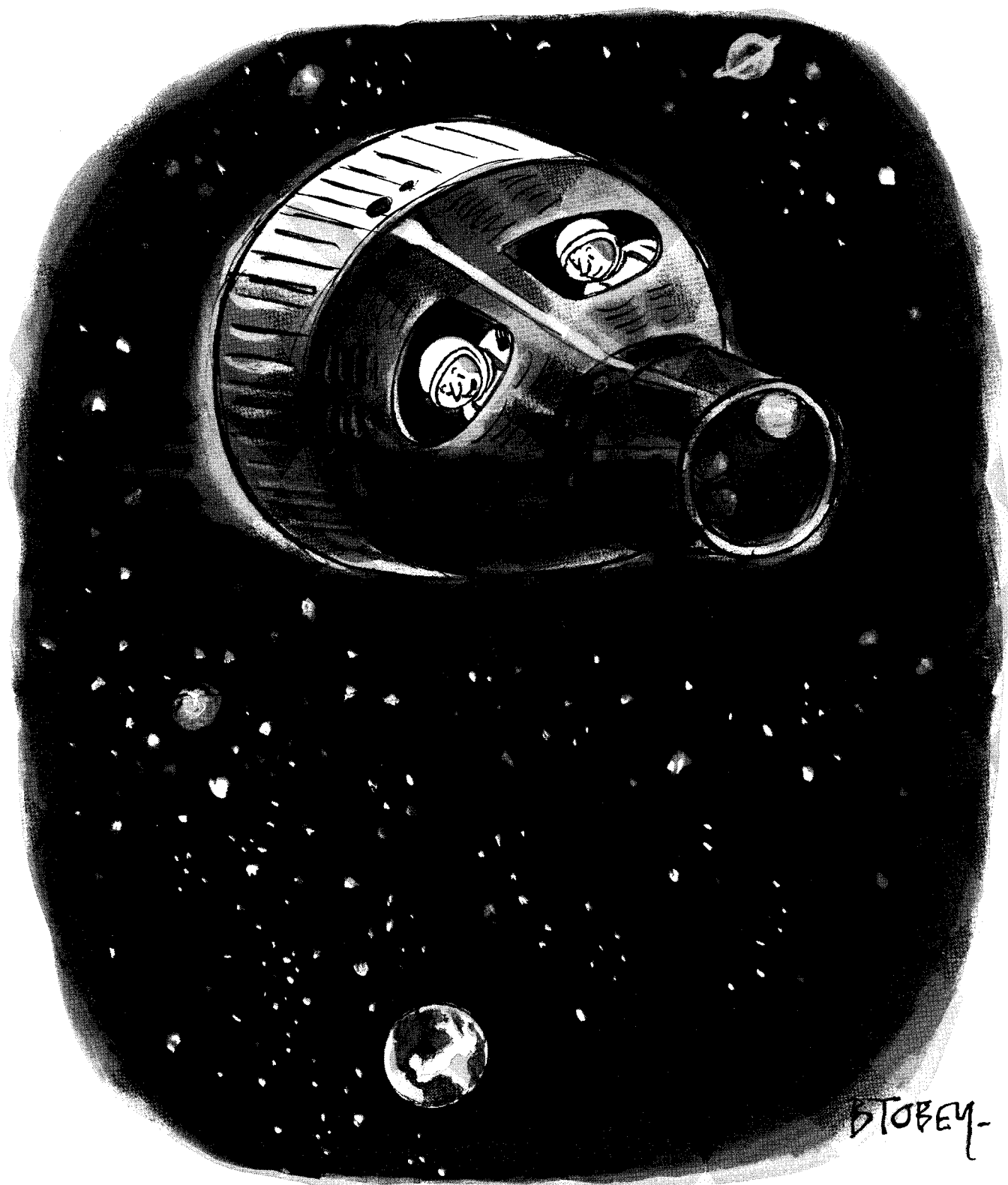
and muffler-choked, they spat Cockney from mouths like ruined quarries, and were the natural users of rhyming slang.

This slang seemed still to be the underworld argot, a secretive and evasive language, and had not, at that time, been self-consciously elevated into a saloon-bar affectation. At least half of us, certainly, had been recruited from the underworld, apparently a normal practice of the times—we had old lags and con men temporarily defeated by crime, skilled cracksmen lying low between jobs, and others who had confessed, under pressure, to a wish to reform and seemed to be required to push barrows to prove it. I found myself working with men straight up from Dartmoor, with its gangrenous pallor still on them, and who moved with that head-down shuffle, passive and blind, as though their world was still a walled-in circle. It was clear that crime had fattened none of them; they were shrivelled by years of attrition, by the staleness of poverty, doubt and suspicion, and by the diminishing returns of jail.

Yet on the whole there was a natural comradeship; there were no cliques and no self-pity. We were in this together and parcelled the job among us, sharing its profit and loss. We covered up for each other if one of our members was ill, or when the foreman was looking for blood.

On the job, as I said, we laborers were the goons, the untouchable fetchers and carriers. Between us and the craftsmen there existed a gulf of caste as extreme as anything in India. The





*"Just think! All those billions of people down there scrounging around,
breaking their hearts to make a buck!"*

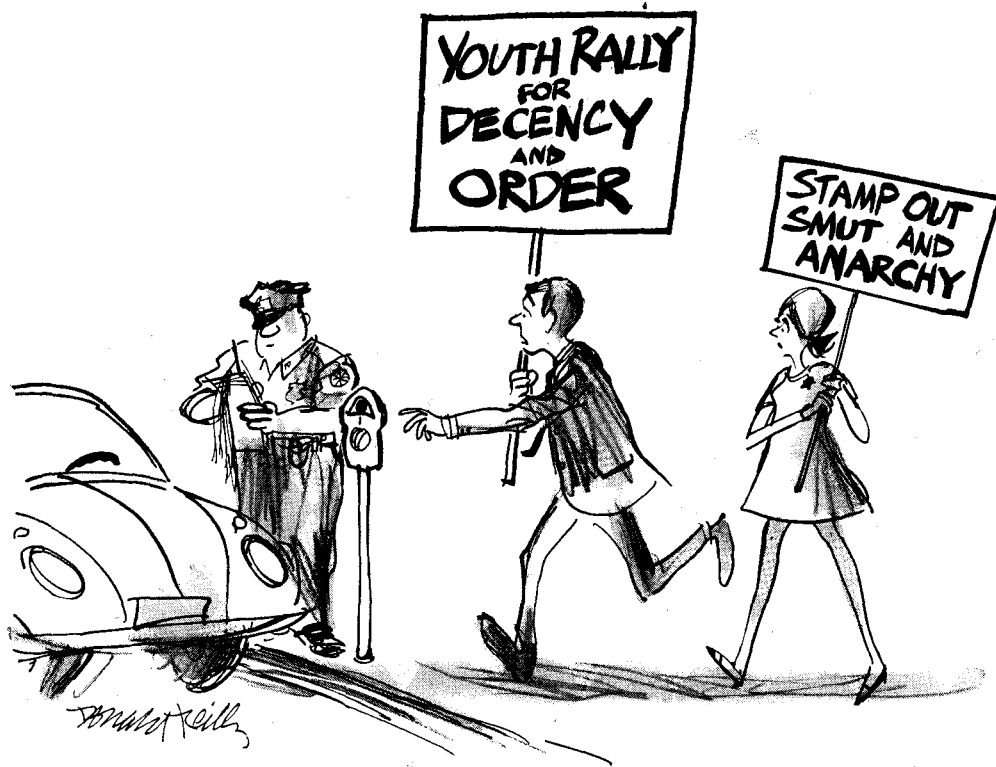
bricklayers, carpenters, plasterers, and plumbers treated us with the casual contempt of Brahmins, and even at lunchtime they sat by themselves, rigidly wrapped in their status skills. Consequently, we hardened ourselves into a compact little group, even more exclusive and cagey than theirs. The use of solidarity was the only skill we

had, and I think we would have slain for each other.

There were two exceptions, however, two lonely outsiders whom, though laborers, we never admitted. One was a middle-aged rapist, whom we reserved for special torment. The other was the old head gardener, whose garden had disappeared with the old

mansion, but who had been allowed to stay on by sufferance, and who was now ending his life tipping barrows of cement over the roots of his ruined roses.

THEN in early spring, with the flats half finished, something happened that threw us all together—something ordinary in itself, but for me



"Gee whizz, Officer!"

an occasion that had much of the punitive, rasping air of the thirties.

It began suddenly one morning with the discovery that some non-union men had been smuggled onto the job by the manager—provocation enough to lower for a moment, at least, the sacred barriers between the trades. Someone sounded the alarm by beating on an iron triangle, and everyone immediately stopped work. Cement mixers coughed and came to a halt; the men swarmed off the rooftops and scrambled down the scaffolding as though abandoning a stricken battleship.

We massed in the open outside the manager's office, our tempers suddenly transformed—over five hundred men huddled in the raw cold wind, waiting for our ranks to throw up a leader. At first we were lost; sporadic meetings broke out, voices shouted against each other. Then a tall, stoop-backed laborer pushed his way to the front and climbed up onto a pile of timber, and as soon as he turned to address us we knew that he'd do, and that the vacuum was filled.

This man was later to become one of the legends of the thirties, part of its myth of class struggle and protest—a lean, powerful figure with dangling arms, big fists, and a square, bitter face. His face, in fact, was almost the perfect prototype of the worker-hero of Soviet posters—proud, passionate, merciless, and fanatic, yet deeply scarred

by hardship. He was still in his twenties but already had a history—he'd been jailed after a naval mutiny, and now as he towered above us, his voice mangled and eloquent, his finger stabbing the cold spring air, he stood enlarged on a screen that seemed giant-sized, a figure straight out of "Potemkin."

He spoke briefly, with savage, almost contemptuous, dignity, and the other gabblers round the ground fell silent. With a few iron words he raised the level of our grievance to the heights of cosmic revolution. We had been vague and wavering; now we had no doubts. We voted for immediate strike.

The works manager had been listening at the door of his office, smirking, and playing with his trilby. When he heard our decision, he went pink with rage and began to bounce up and down like a baby. "Outside!" he screamed. "Everyone out this instant! Or I'll have you arrested for trespassing!"

The strike lasted two weeks—a fortnight of back-street agitation during which I tasted the first sweet whiff of revolution. In this hazy ghetto of ideological struggle it was easy to lose our dimensions, and the immediate aims of the strike became so blurred at the edges that we felt ready to take on the world. It was then, for the first time, that I experienced hallucinations of Communism, naïve and innocent as water, a physical sensation rather than

an intellectual one, like a weekend at a holiday camp. I began to see visions of the day when the workers would triumph, and we would be running with flags through the streets, the bosses in flight, the temples of privilege falling, other workers waiting to join us, to inherit a scrubbed new world of open-necked shirts, bare arms flexed in common labor, with perhaps a hint of free love shared with our prettier comrades, and communal nurseries crammed with our gold-haired offspring.

Then, as abruptly as it had started, the strike was over, closed by a grudging agreement, and we were back at work again; back at dodging the foreman and gambling in corners, unchanged except for two weeks' hunger.

IN early summer, the flats were almost completed, and I knew I would soon be out of a job. There was no prospect of another, but I wasn't worried; I never felt so beefily strong in my life. I remember standing one morning on the windy rooftop, and looking round at the racing sky, and suddenly realizing that once the job was finished I could go anywhere I liked in the world.

There was nothing to stop me, I would be penniless, free, and could just pack up and walk away. I was a young man whose time coincided with the last years of peace, and so was perhaps luckier than the young men of any generation since. Europe at least was wide open, a place of casual frontiers, few questions, and almost no travellers.

So where should I go—it was just a question of getting there—France? Italy? Greece? I knew nothing at all about any of them; they were just names with vaguely operatic flavors. I knew no languages, either, so felt I could arrive newborn wherever I chose to go. Then I remembered that somewhere or other I'd picked up a phrase in Spanish for "Will you please give me a glass of water?" and it was probably this rudimentary bit of lifeline that finally made up my mind. I decided I'd go to Spain.

So as soon as I was sacked from the buildings, at the beginning of June, I bought a one-way ticket to Vigo. I remember it cost four pounds, which left me with a handful of shillings to see me safely into Spain. I didn't bother to wonder what would happen then, for already I saw myself there, brown as an apostle, walking the white dust roads through the orange groves.

—LAURIE LEE

THE WEDDING RING

ON my windowsill is a pack of cards, a bell, a dog's brush, a book about a girl named Jewel who is a Christian Scientist and won't let anyone take her temperature, and a white jug holding field flowers. The water in the jug has evaporated; the sand-and-amber flowers seem made of paper. The weather bulletin for the day can be one of several: No sun. A high arched yellow sky. Or, creamy clouds, stillness. Long motionless grass. The earth soaks up the sun. Or, the sky is higher than it ever will seem again, and the sun far away and small.

From the window, a field full of goldenrod, then woods; to the left as you stand at the front door of the cottage, the mountains of Vermont.

The screen door slams and shakes my bed. That was my cousin. The couch with the India print spread in the next room has been made up for him. He is the only boy cousin I have, and the only American relation my age. We expected him to be homesick for Boston. When he disappeared the first day, we thought we would find him crying with his head in the wild cucumber vine; but all he was doing was making the out-house tidy, dragging out of it last year's magazines. He discovers a towel abandoned under his bed by another guest, and shows it to each of us. He has unpacked a trumpet, a hatchet, a pistol, and a water bottle. He is ready for anything except my mother, who scares him to death.

My mother is a vixen. Everyone who sees her that summer will remember, later, the gold of her eyes and the lovely movement of her head. Her hair is true russet. She has the bloom women have sometimes when they are pregnant or when they have fallen in love. She can be wild, bitter, complaining, and ugly as a witch, but that summer is her peak. She has fallen in love.

My father is—I suppose—in Montreal. The guest who seems to have replaced him except in authority over me (he is still

careful, still courts my favor) drives us to a movie. It is a musical full of monstrously large people. My cousin sits intent, bites his nails, chews a slingshot during the love scenes. He suddenly dives down in the dark to look for lost, mysterious objects. He has seen so many movies that this one is nearly over before he can be certain he has seen it before. He always knows what is going to happen and what they are going to say next.

At night we hear the radio—disembodied voices in a competition, identifying tunes. My mother, in the living room, seen from my bed, plays solitaire and says from time to time, "That's an old song I like," and "When you play solitaire, do you turn out two cards or three?" My cousin is not asleep either; he stirs on his couch. He shares his room with the guest. Years later we will be astonished to realize how young

the guest must have been—twenty-three, perhaps twenty-four. My cousin, in his memories, shared a room with a middle-aged man. My mother and I, for the first and last time, ever, sleep in the same bed. I see her turning out the cards, smoking, drinking cold coffee from a breakfast cup. The single light on the table throws the room against the black window. My cousin and I each have an extra blanket. We forget how the evening sun blinded us at suppertime—how we gasped for breath.

My mother remarks on my hair, my height, my teeth, my French, and what I like to eat, as if she had never seen me before. Together, we wash our hair in the stream. The stones at the bottom are the color of trout. There is a smell of fish and wildness as I kneel on a rock, as she does, and plunge my head in the water. Bubbles of soap dance in place, as if rooted, then the roots stretch and break. In a



"Tell me, exactly how much is one million dollars in real money?"

delirium of happiness I memorize ferns, moss, grass, seedpods. We sunbathe on camp cots dragged out in the long grass. The strands of wet hair on my neck are like melting icicles. Her "Never look straight at the sun" seems extravagantly concerned with my welfare. Through eyelashes I peep at the milky-blue sky. The sounds of this blissful moment are the radio from the house; my cousin opening a ginger-ale bottle; the stream, persistent as machinery. My mother, still taking extraordinary notice of me, says that while the sun bleaches her hair and makes it light and fine, dark hair (mine) turns ugly—"like a rusty old stove lid"—and should be covered up. I dart into the cottage and find a hat: a wide straw hat, belonging to an unknown summer. It is so large I have to hold it with a hand flat upon the crown. I may look funny with this hat on, but at least I shall never be like a rusty old stove lid. The cots are empty; my mother has gone. By mistake, she is walking away through the goldenrod with the guest, turned up from God knows where. They are walking as if they wish they were invisible, of course, but to me it is only a mistake, and I call and run and push my way between them. He would like to take my hand, or pretends he would like to, but I need my hand for the hat.

My mother is developing one of her favorite themes—her lack of roots. To

give the story greater power, or because she really believes what she is saying at that moment, she gets rid of an extra parent: "I never felt I had any stake anywhere until my parents died and I had their graves. The graves were my only property. I felt I belonged somewhere."

Graves? What does she mean? My grandmother is still alive.

"That's so sad," he says.

"Don't you ever feel that way?"

He tries to match her tone. "Oh, I wouldn't care. I think everything was meant to be given away. Even a grave would be a tie. I'd pretend not to know where it was."

"My father and mother didn't get along, and that prevented me feeling close to any country," says my mother. This may be new to him, but, like my cousin at a musical comedy, I know it by heart, or something near it. "I was divorced from the landscape, as they were from each other. I was too taken up wondering what was going to happen next. The first country I loved was somewhere in the north of Germany. I went there with my mother. My father was dead and my mother was less tense and I was free of their troubles. That is the truth," she says, with some astonishment.

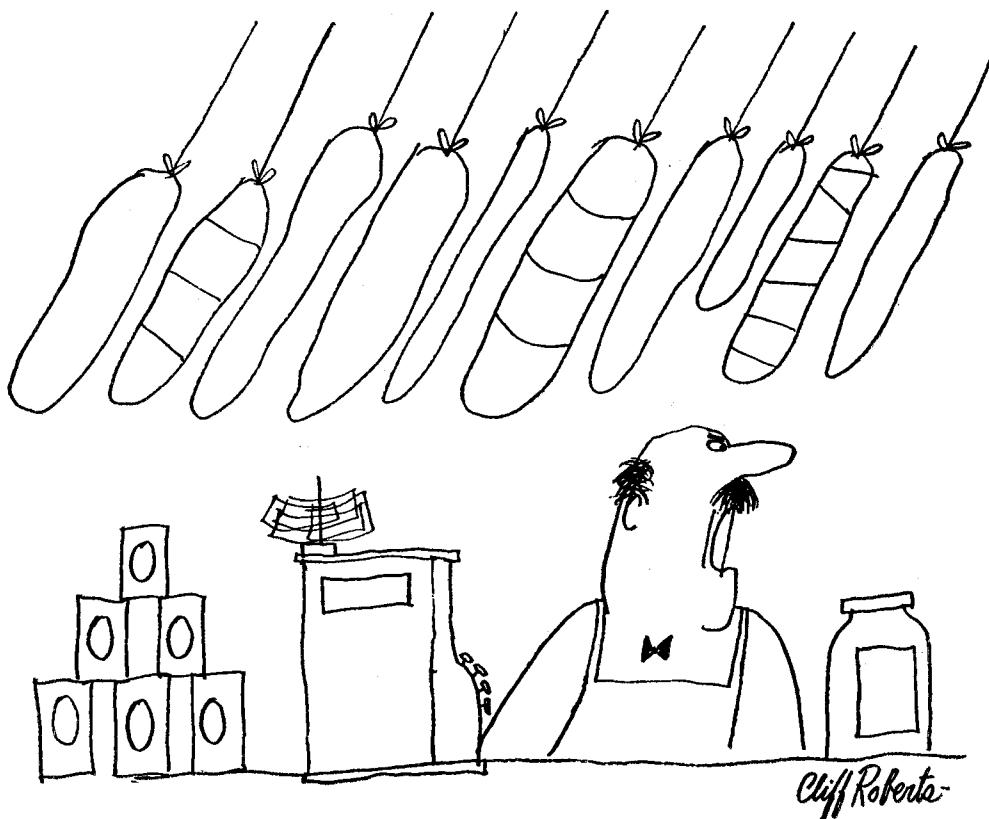
THE sun drops, the surface of the leaves turns deep blue. My father lets a parcel fall on the kitchen table,

for at the end of one of her long, shattering, analytical letters she has put "P.S. Please bring a four-pound roast and some sausages." Did the guest depart? He must have dissolved; he is no longer visible. To show that she is loyal, has no secrets, she will repeat every word that was said. But my father, now endlessly insoraniac and vigilant, looks as if it were he who had secrets, who is keeping something back.

The children—hostages released—are no longer required. In any case, their beds are needed for Labor Day weekend. I am to spend six days with my cousin in Boston—a stay that will, in fact, be prolonged many months. My mother stands at the door of the cottage in nightgown and sweater, brown-faced, smiling. The tall field grass is grey with cold dew. The windows of the car are frosted with it. My father will put us on a train, in care of a conductor. Both my cousin and I are used to this.

"He and Jane are like sister and brother," she says—this of my cousin and me, who do not care for each other.

Uncut grass. I saw the ring fall into it, but I am told I did not—I was already in Boston. The weekend party, her chosen audience, watched her rise, without warning, from the wicker chair on the porch. An admirer of Russian novels, she would love to make an immediate, Russian gesture, but cannot. The porch is screened, so, to throw her wedding ring away, she must have walked a few steps to the door and *then* made her speech, and flung the ring into the twilight, in a great spinning arc. The others looked for it next day, discreetly, but it had disappeared. First it slipped under one of those sharp bluish stones, then a beetle moved it. It left its print on a cushion of moss after the first winter. No one else could have worn it. My mother's hands were small, like mine. —MAVIS GALLANT



"Shut the door!"

It is nice to find, in this world, an honest man. A sportsman who, when he endorses a product, actually uses it.

Well, such is the case with our good friend Arnold Palmer who has worn After Six Tuxedos for many years.

One day we telephoned Mr. Palmer and asked could he endorse our product and we would name a new tuxedo after him.

He said that our product was a good one that he used often and he would be happy to endorse it as soon as we paid him.—*Adv. in the Times Magazine.*

Gives you a warm feeling to find a man like *that*!

✱ ✱ P R O F I L E S ✱ ✱ ORGANIZER~II

THE walls at the headquarters of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, in Delano, California, are decorated with photographs of Martin Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi; beside them is a blood-red poster of Emiliano Zapata, complete with mustachio, cartridge belts, carbine, sash, sword, and giant sombrero, under the exhortation "*Viva la Revolución.*" All three, in their different ways, are heroes of U.F.W.O.C.'s director, Cesar Chavez. There are also portraits of John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy, black-bordered and hung with flowers, as in a shrine. Here and there is the emblem of U.F.W.O.C., a square-edged black eagle in a white circle on a red background, over the word "*HUELGA,*" which in Spanish means "strike." According to one legend, the eagle appeared in a dream to Chavez; according to another, the inspiration came to Chavez's cousin Manuel from the label on a bottle of Gallo Thunderbird wine. The truth is that after Cesar Chavez settled on an Aztec eagle as an appropriate symbol for the union, Manuel sketched one on a piece of brown wrapping paper with the help of Cesar's brother Richard. They then squared off the wing edges so that the eagle would be easier for union members to draw on the handmade flags that are now a familiar sight on picket lines near vineyards in the San Joaquin Valley and elsewhere in California, where for nearly four years U.F.W.O.C. has been conducting a strike to win union contracts for the grape workers.

I was shown around the offices and introduced to members of the staff one morning by LeRoy Chatfield, one of Chavez's assistants. Before joining the union movement, three and a half years ago, Chatfield, a man in his early thirties, with the white hair of a blond child in summer and a wide-eyed, bony face, had been known as Brother Gilbert, of the Christian Brothers. He had been a teacher at Garces High School, in Bakersfield, but it was Cesar Chavez, he told me, who had given him his education. Chatfield introduced me to two staff lawyers, Jerry Cohen and David Averbuck; to the Reverend James Drake, a young Protestant clergyman who has been working with Chavez since 1962; to Philip Vera-Cruz, a Filipino vice-president of the union; and to Chavez's wife, Helen,



Cesar Chavez

who runs U.F.W.O.C.'s credit union. Mrs. Chavez speaks very softly, but Chatfield told me later that she has a hot temper, which has been known to erupt on rare occasions. "Sometimes she has less faith than Cesar in non-violence," Chatfield said.

Manuel and Richard Chavez were on the point of setting off for New York by car to try and gain support for a boycott of California grapes, which seemed to be faltering. Large quantities of Thompson seedless grapes had been arriving in New York in boxes marked "*Hi-Color,*" a label belonging to a subsidiary of the DiGiorgio Fruit Corporation, with which Chavez had signed a contract, and which was therefore exempt from the boycott. According to Manuel Chavez, DiGiorgio had not been harvesting table grapes in recent months, and workers had reported seeing "*Hi-Color*" boxes in the vineyards of non-union growers. "I am going over to New York," Manuel Chavez said. "How far is it?" His face had been serious, but suddenly he laughed.

One of the union's vice-presidents is Dolores Huerta, a very pretty, sad-eyed young woman who does not look like the mother of seven children but is. Mrs. Huerta told me that she met Chavez through a man named Fred

Ross. Ross had been active in behalf of the migrant Okies during the Depression, had taken up the problems of displaced Japanese and Nisei during the war, and was working to help Mexican-Americans by setting up branches of a private agency called the Community Service Organization when Chavez and Mrs. Huerta came under his influence. In 1955, when Mrs. Huerta first met Chavez, she was an active member of the Stockton chapter of the C.S.O. "I had heard a lot about him from Fred Ross—Cesar this and Cesar that—but I didn't really get a chance to talk to him, and he didn't make much of an impression on me," she said. "I forgot his face. I knew he was a great organizer, but he never showed it. It came out in the reports. He was very unassuming, you see—did a lot of work but never took any leadership role. The first time I really heard him speak was at a board meeting in Stockton in 1957. He had to respond to sharp questions from an attorney, and I was very impressed by the way he handled it. You couldn't tell by looking at him what he could do. You had to see him in action to appreciate him. In 1958, they made him organizing director of the whole C.S.O., but even then he wasn't the forceful leader that he is now." Mrs. Huerta paused, and laughed. "Of course, everywhere he worked tremendous things happened," she said. "Those things didn't just happen by themselves. The rank and file began to see Cesar as the real head of the organization long before the leadership did."

For a year and a half, between August, 1958, and November, 1959, Chavez worked at organizing the farm workers of Oxnard against the inequities of the so-called *bracero* program, which he believed was being abused for the growers' benefit by both the Farm Placement Service of the California Department of Employment and the Bureau of Employment Security of the United States Department of Labor. The program had been set up during the Second World War, when there was a scarcity of farm laborers, to bring Mexican *braceros*, or field hands, into this country on a temporary basis. Even in the late nineteen-fifties, Chavez found that American laborers supposedly assigned to jobs by the F.P.S. still had trouble getting work when any *braceros* were avail-

able. According to law, the American workers should have been given first choice. Chavez documented hundreds of cases of illegal job discrimination by taking groups of unemployed workers to fill out employers' work cards day after day and keeping a record of the results. Then he staged sit-ins—his men went out and stationed themselves opposite the *braccos* who had taken their jobs—and protest marches, at the end of which the cards were burned in a gesture of contempt for the corruption of the hiring practices. Reporters were invited to the fires. These maneuvers anticipated tactics that Chavez would refine in his own union, and they worked. Because of all the publicity, American workers began getting more jobs. There were some eighteen hundred workers around Oxnard who were loyal to Chavez, and they held firm when he demanded better wages and working conditions. The growers

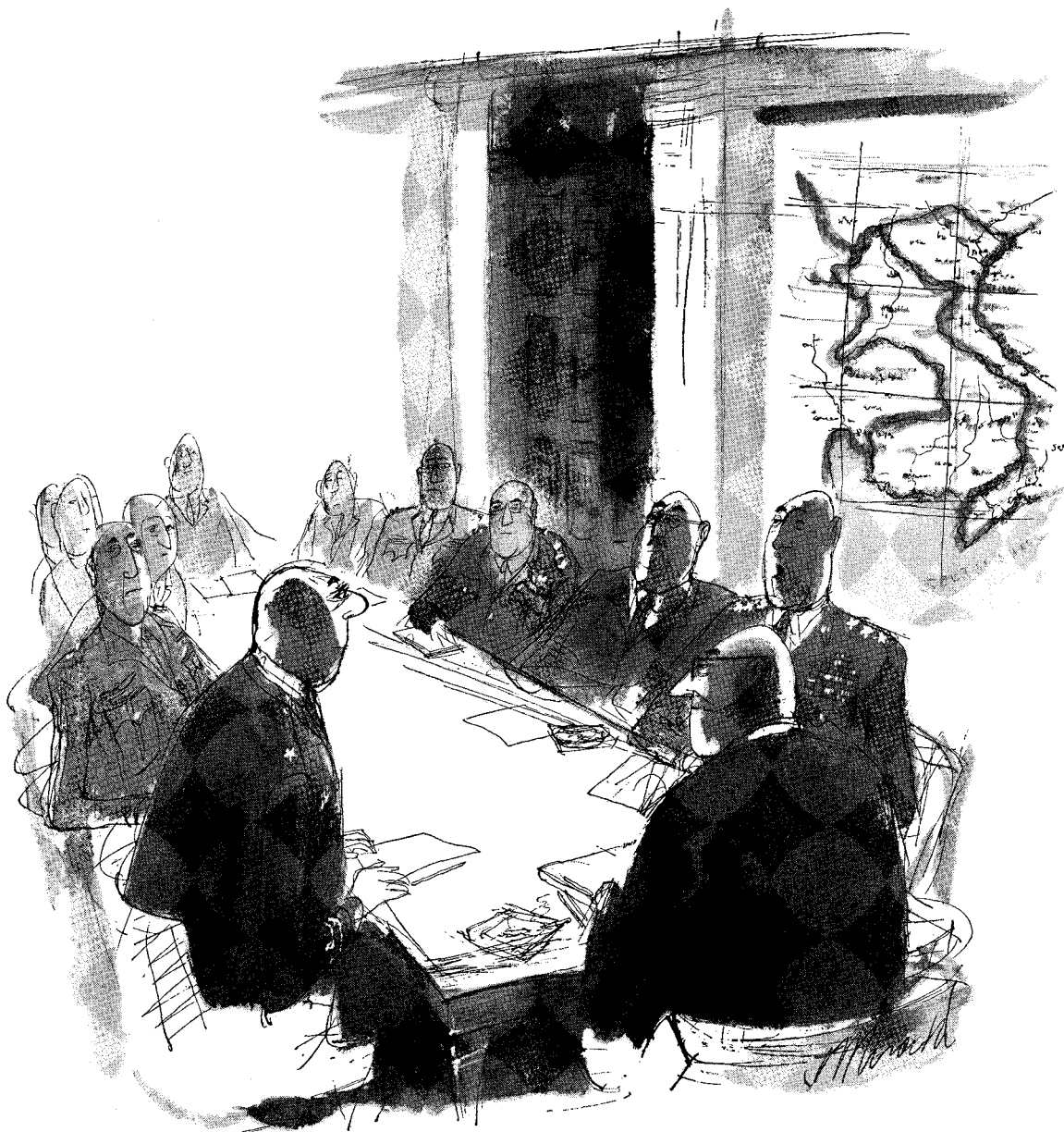
met his terms, though not officially. Without giving their names, they would call up and ask him to send so many workers to be picked up by a truck near a certain church. Chavez wanted very much to get a union shop, but his C.S.O. job did not give him authority to negotiate an actual contract, and he watched in despair as the Packinghouse union of the C.I.O. took over what he had begun to build. Under routine trade-union direction, the organization soon disintegrated.

In the aftermath of Chavez's experience at Oxnard, I was told, he offered a year's service without salary to the C.S.O. if it would support a new union of farm workers. At a C.S.O. convention in Calexico in March of 1962, the board voted down Chavez's plan. At that point, Chavez stood up and said simply, "I resign." Immediately, people started arguing with one another, as if he weren't there. Chavez *couldn't*

resign, they decided. But he had, and that evening, when he and Dolores Huerta and Fred Ross went across the border to Mexicali to get something to eat, they were all very depressed. According to Mrs. Huerta, Chavez was heartbroken.

Chavez was immediately offered a well-paid job as an organizer for the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, a farm workers' union that had been set up by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in Stockton during his own successful organization of the workers in Oxnard, but at the time he wanted no part of traditional trade-union methods, and he turned it down. He spent two weeks finishing up his work for the C.S.O., and on March 31st, his thirty-fifth birthday, he drove off with his wife and his children—he had eight—to Carpinteria Beach, southeast of Santa Barbara, and not far from where he had picked tomatoes for several seasons dur-

ing his own time as a migrant worker. This was the last vacation he has ever had time or money enough to take. After six days on the coast, Chavez had made up his mind how and where he would begin his own organization drive for farm workers, and the Chavezes went straight to Delano, where his wife's family lived and where his brother Richard had been head of the local C.S.O. chapter. Chavez himself had first worked in Delano's vineyards and cotton fields in 1937, when he was ten. He has said that he chose Delano because he knew that hard times were ahead and his family would not starve there, but another good reason for choosing Delano was the composition of the work force. There are seventy-odd grape ranches in the Delano area, with an estimated thirty-eight thousand acres of table-grape vineyards, and grapes, unlike most crops, require tending of one kind or another—pruning, tying, thin-



"Suppose we leave Jeane Dixon and her long-range predictions out of this."



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ning, girdling, leafing, cultivating, spraying, and so forth—for almost nine months of the year. Because of the long work season, the farm workers of Delano are less transient than most, and many stay the year round—a situation that makes organizing them both simpler and more effective. The growers are doubtless right in their contention that Delano's grape workers, who average twenty-four hundred dollars a year, are the best-paid farm workers in California, but, in Chavez's opinion, the most desperately poor are not necessarily those most inclined to take action; unlike people who have glimpsed a spark of hope, the destitute are often too defeated to revolt.

In Delano, Mrs. Chavez got a job picking grapes at the DiGiorgio Corporation's huge Sierra Vista Ranch, and Chavez took a three-day trip to "absorb" the Valley, from Marysville south to the Tehachapi Mountains, crisscrossing the flat countryside on long, straight roads. Then he returned to Delano and got a job picking peas—the first of a series of part-time jobs that helped to support the beginnings of his organization, which was called the National Farm Workers Association.

At first, Richard Chavez did not appreciate what his brother was trying to do. Richard was earning his living as a carpenter, and had small interest in a farm workers' union. As for Manuel, he was working at that time in San Diego, making good money as a car salesman; when Cesar asked him to join the new association, he flatly refused. "We aren't farm workers anymore," he said. "We got away." But Cesar argued that because the Chavezes had got away didn't mean they could abandon all the others. Finally, Manuel agreed to join up for one month. He has never left.

Apart from Mrs. Chavez, the only person who was enthusiastic from the start of what is now known as *La Causa* was Mrs. Huerta. When Chavez left the C.S.O., she told him she would be honored to work for him—the verb is hers—and a few months later she quit her job as a lobbyist for the C.S.O. at the state capitol in Sacramento and moved to Delano. Not long after Chavez started to work in Delano, the Reverend Chris Hartmire, the state director of the Migrant Ministry of the National Council of Churches, who had worked with

Chavez in Oxnard, assigned James Drake to Delano. Drake had just arrived in California, and this was his first mission. Like Mrs. Huerta, he was not overwhelmed by his first encounter with Chavez. "Cesar was very quiet," he told me. "He just mentioned that he had quit his job to start organizing farm workers around Delano. I was expecting to do the same thing, more or less. I was assigned to spend six weeks in Delano, and I'm still here."

When Chavez first got to Delano, the cheapest rental he could find was a house on Kensington Street, a block north of the one he lives in today. He had a small garage that he used as a headquarters, and it was so hot in there, Drake recalls, that all the ink melted down in a mimeograph machine the Migrant Ministry had lent him. "Everything was so oppressive that first summer that everything he wanted to do just seemed impossible," Drake told me. "He had so many kids, and they had almost nothing to eat, and they had an old 1953 Mercury station wagon that burned much too much gas and oil—it belonged in a museum even then. So I really thought this guy was nuts. Everybody thought so except Helen—even Helen's family. I had a car and a credit card, but I couldn't really help much besides that. They had no money, but whatever they had they

shared. I'd bring a lunch with me, but it was very important to them that I eat with them, and they were so gracious that I finally gave in. What impressed us most at the Migrant Ministry was that even though Cesar was very hard up for financing, he didn't want *our* money. He made it clear right from the start that what-

ever organization he got going would be entirely independent; he didn't want any Teamster money or any money from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. or any other money that might compromise him."

"Cesar had studied the structure of the C.S.O.," Mrs. Huerta said, "and he tried to correct its mistakes in his organization. Mainly, he wanted the people who did the work to make the decisions. He wanted the workers to share, to participate, and he still does, because without that the union has no real strength. This is why he would never accept outside money—not, at least, until the strike began. He wanted the workers to see that they could pay for their own union." Very early in his

struggle, Chavez turned down a private grant of fifty thousand dollars, offered without conditions, because he felt that the gift would put pressure on him to obtain immediate results. "Manuel and I almost quit," Richard Chavez told me.

In that first year, after Chavez had spent his own savings, amounting to twelve hundred dollars, he sometimes found himself asking people for food. This was hard on his pride, as he admits, but he came to believe that the union got some of its best members as a result of this begging. He has frequently said, "The people who give you their food give you their hearts."

Chavez got up early every morning and worked until midnight, taking a survey up and down the Valley to find out what farm workers really wanted. With his youngest child, Anthony, who was then four, he went from door to door and out into the fields, distributing eighty thousand cards on which the workers were invited to set down how much they thought they should be earning. At that time, the average wage was ninety cents an hour, and it is a measure of their morale that most of the workers said that they deserved a dollar-ten, or perhaps a dollar twenty-five. Occasionally, a man would say that he deserved a dollar-fifty, or even a dollar seventy-five, and a few might scrawl on their card a note of encouragement or hope. These people Chavez visited in person, and many became the first members of his association.

"His consistency and perseverance really struck me," Drake told me. "A disability case, a worker injured on the job—he would stay with that worker day and night, day and night, until he could locate an attorney who would take the case for nothing, or find some way of settling it that was of benefit to the worker. That's how his union was built—on plain hard work and these very personal relationships. It was a slow, careful, plodding thing. The growers didn't even know he was in town. Even when the strike started, they had no idea who Cesar Chavez was. But the workers did. Day and night, they came to his house, because his office was his house. He just built up this very basic trust. He ran a series of house meetings and never talked about forming a union—just an association of concerned people—because there had been unions and unions and strikes and strikes, and every one of them had failed. He learned out of a government manual how to keep books, and he set up a credit union. He talked about





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Seagram's.
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future of communications, ABC.

ent system. At ABC, we look forward to the day when the satellite becomes a reality.

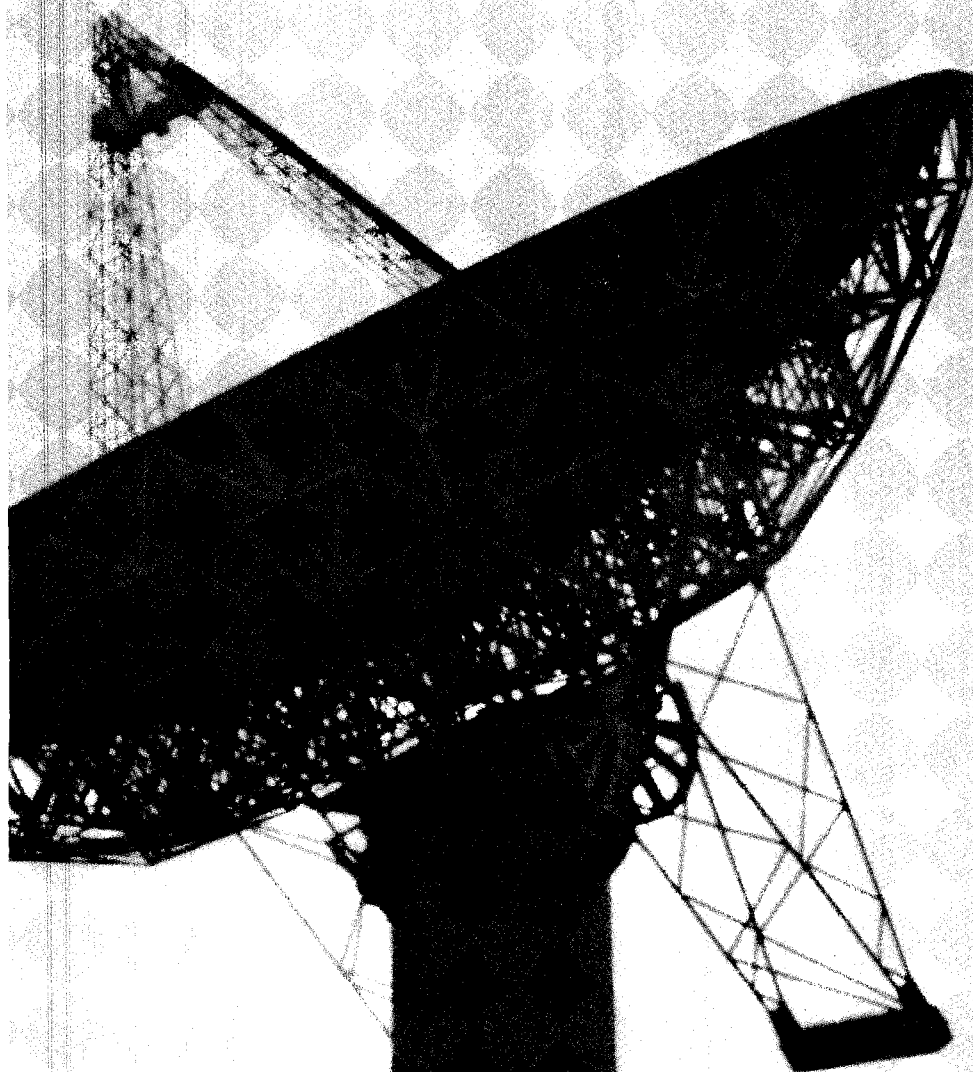
We are constantly examining and exploring every new way of improving communications between people. The satellite is one way. A new kind of entertainment center that educates as it amuses is another. Our Marine World in California is that kind of enter-

tainment center. So is our planned Century City project — a complex of motion picture theatres, legitimate theatre, restaurants and offices. When you look into the future of communications, you're watching ABC.

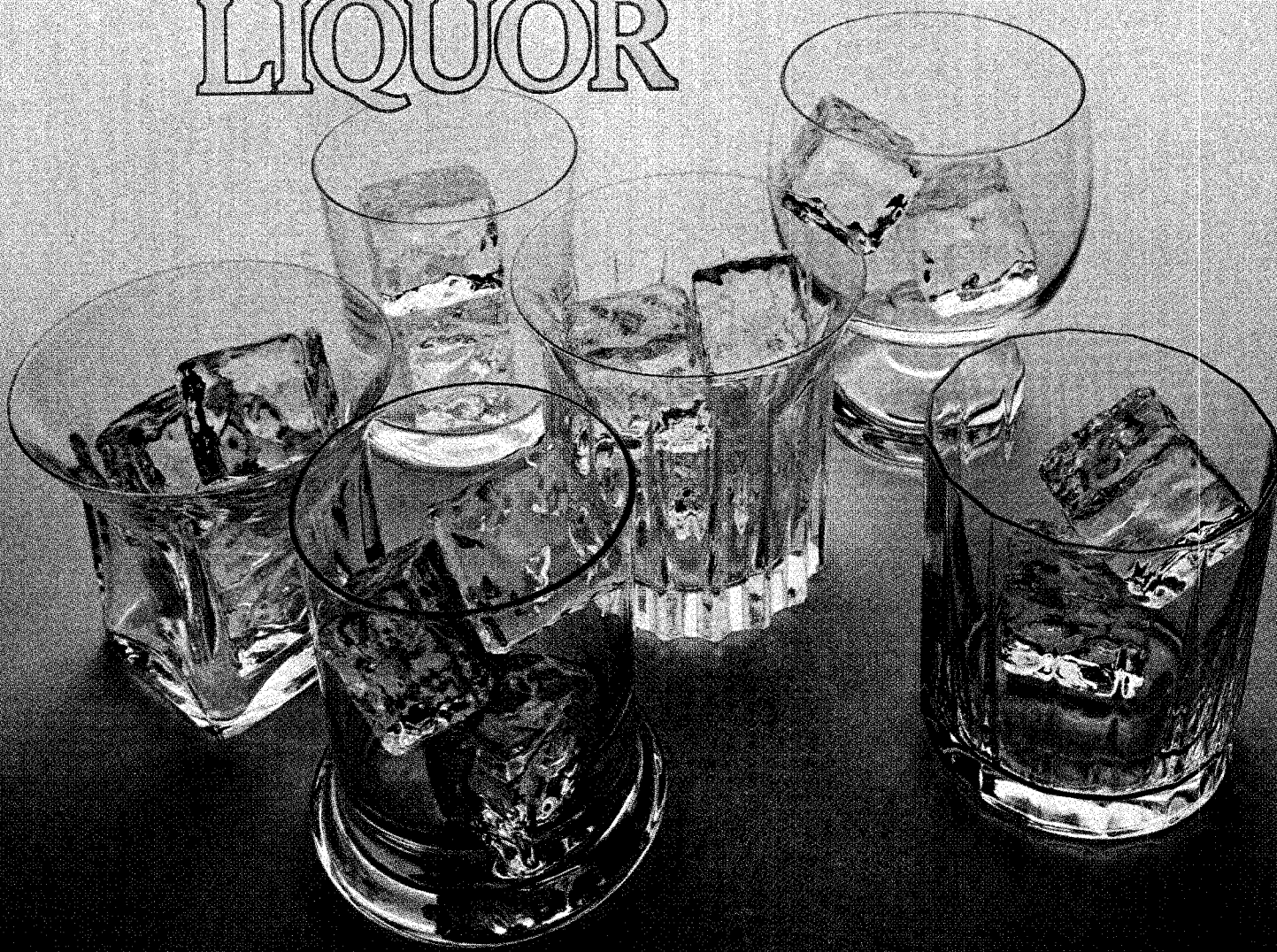
We're many companies doing all kinds of entertaining things you probably didn't know we did. There's a lot more to the American Broadcasting Companies than broadcasting. Watch us. We're not quite as simple as ABC.



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coöperatives and everything, but he never used the word 'union' until 1965, when the strike began."

One of the early members was a man named Manuel Rivera. Rivera came to Chavez in 1963 with the complaint that his labor contractor not only had refused to tell him what his hourly wage was for work already done but, when he protested, had kicked him out of the truck and let him walk back to town; the police had shown no interest in his case. Chavez learned that Rivera's old car had broken down for good, and that the Rivera family had spent three days at the bus station in Delano. The Chavezes took the whole family into their own small house and lent Rivera an old Volvo. When Rivera had saved a little money and was ready to move on, he said, "How much do I owe you?" and Chavez answered that he didn't owe anything; he owed help to other farm workers. After returning Chavez's old car all polished up, Rivera left Delano, and Chavez soon forgot about him. Six months later, Rivera showed up again. Over Chavez's protest, he paid union dues for all the months since Chavez had taken him in, and on the job spoke so fervently of Chavez to other workers that he eventually brought in more than a hundred new members. (In 1966, Rivera was run down and permanently crippled by a flatbed truck belonging to a grower whose fields were being picketed.)

The organizing work has always gone slowly, and it was especially difficult at first. Manuel Chavez still has his 1963 N.F.W.A. card. On it, along with a green eagle, is printed "Delano Local Number 2. Cesar Chavez, General Director. Manuel Chavez, Secretary-Treasurer." Manuel laughed as he showed it to me. "I guess Cesar was one local and I was the other. We were the membership, too. It's a good thing Richard was still a carpenter—he was kind of supporting us." In this dark period, Chavez, who was penniless, turned down a job, at twenty-one thousand dollars a year, as director of the Peace Corps in a four-country region of South America.

Chavez held on, and by August, 1964, his association had a thousand members. A number of these new members, including Julio Hernandez, who is now a union officer, came

from the town of Corcoran, about twenty-five miles northwest of Delano. It was in Corcoran, on October 4, 1933, that five thousand cotton pickers, many of them Mexicans, began a strike that spread up and down the cotton fields of the San Joaquin Valley, and eventually involved eighteen thousand workers. As was customary in the Depression, wages had been drastically pushed down by advertising for many more workers than could be used, then letting starving men with starving families underbid each other for jobs, until the pay ran as low as fifteen cents an hour. When the cotton pickers struck, the growers armed themselves and, after evicting the strikers from their camps, followed them to a rally in Pixley, just north of Delano, where they opened fire on the crowd and killed two workers. A third worker was murdered the same day at Arvin, a town southeast of Delano, in Kern County. Eleven growers were arrested and eleven were acquitted. The strike, which lasted for twenty-four days, won a small wage increase for the workers, but the leaders of the union that ran the strike—the Cannery and Agricultural Workers Industrial Union, an unabashedly pro-Communist organization—were flogged, tarred and feathered, and finally jailed. At the time of the Corcoran strike, an assistant sheriff was quoted as saying, "We protect our farmers here in Kern County. They are our best people.

They are always with us. They keep the country going. They put us in here and they can put us out again, so we serve them. But the Mexicans are trash. They have no standard of living. We herd them like pigs." Like the signs of Chavez's childhood that read "NO DOGS OR MEXICANS ALLOWED," remarks of this sort are considered poor public relations these days, but the underlying attitude, I was told by members of Chavez's union, is still very much alive.

After a new surge in membership, Mrs. Chavez left the fields to work full time at running the credit union, and Mrs. Huerta took over the bookkeeping and other responsibilities. At about this time, a man named Gilbert Padilla was assigned by the Migrant Ministry to work with Drake on the problem of improving conditions in labor camps run by the counties of Kern and Tulare for migrant workers. A large-scale rent strike organized in the Linnell and Woodville camps of Tulare County by Drake and Padilla and a lawyer named Gary Bellow finally closed them down and led to the construction of new camp buildings. "The county was making a big profit on those camps, which were just slums," Drake told me. "When the workers found out about that profit, it wasn't hard to organize a rent strike." The workers Drake and Padilla had organized during their rent strike came into Chavez's association in February, 1965, and in the summer of that year Padilla led



them in a strike at the J. D. Martin Ranch, in Tulare County near Earlimart, and won a pay raise for the grape pickers there. This small victory lifted morale in the new union, and that September what is now known as the California Grape Strike began in earnest.

THE Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. farm workers' group Chavez decided not to go to work for in 1962, had made some small gains for its members—most of whom were Filipinos—but it got no further than the unions of the past in winning legal contracts and the right to collective bargaining. (Because of the failures of farm unions in the past and a general feeling that unions dominated by what are known as Anglos had actually worked with employers against the interests of Filipino and Mexican-American farm workers, the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, like Chavez's National Farm Workers Association, avoided the word "union" in its title.) On September 16, 1965, the Mexican Independence Day, Chavez's N.F.W.A., which was made up mostly of Mexican-Americans, voted to support an A.W.O.C. strike for a wage increase which had started a week before. Led by two Filipino organizers, Larry Itliong and Ben Gines, six to eight hundred A.W.O.C. workers had struck a number of Delano vineyards, including the huge holdings of the Di-Giorgio Fruit Corporation; in supporting the A.W.O.C. strikers, Chavez's group voted to strike two other large growers—Schenley Industries, Inc., and Guimarra Vineyards, Inc. On September 20th, eleven hundred members of N.F.W.A. walked off the job.

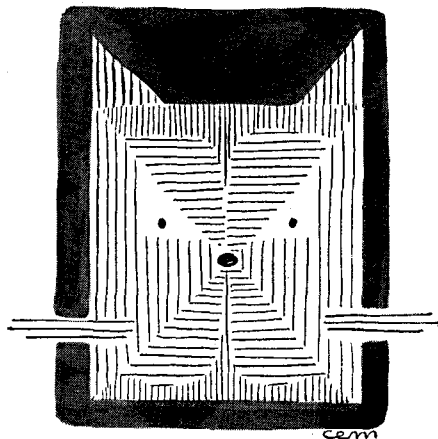
Chavez, seeking funds and volunteers, spoke at a number of colleges, and appealed to CORE and S.N.C.C. for people with experience in confrontations to act as picket captains until the farm workers could be trained. The response to Chavez's appeal was mixed. At public meetings, he would be asked when he had last paid dues to the Communist Party. Once, he was actually pelted with eggs and tomatoes, but he kept right on with his speech, and before he was through the booing had changed to wild applause. Besides S.N.C.C. and CORE people, a number of clergymen, of all faiths, came to man the picket lines, and there were also volunteers from other groups, such as Students for a Democratic Society and the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs, as well as an assortment of hippies of uneven

quality, some of whom were less help than hindrance. Chavez eventually got rid of those who were becoming financial burdens, or sources of embarrassment because of their behavior. "He didn't act nearly as fast as the rest of us wanted," Chatfield told me. "He agonized about those kids for months. But when he did move—" Chatfield made a chopping motion with his hand. "*Man!* Like a knife!"

The strikers' main efforts in the early months were concentrated on Schenley Industries. The Schenley farm in Delano was such a small part of the company's operation that a defense against the boycott that was undertaken in late 1965 might scarcely have seemed worth the negative publicity Chavez's volunteers were trying to give the Schenley trade name all across the country. But the Schenley fight was costly for the farm workers. Hundreds of people already poor had sacrificed their jobs to strike, and that first autumn exhausted the strike fund. Despite a good many misgivings in some quarters about Chavez and his allies, the labor movement began to provide some support for the strike. A workers' clinic was operated by a volunteer nurse, and out-of-town doctors gave free service. (No local doctor ever volunteered.) In San Francisco, the Teamsters refused to cross the Schenley picket lines, and in mid-December Walter Reuther, of the United Automobile Workers, marched through the streets of Delano with Chavez and Larry Itliong and spoke out in defense of the Schenley boycott. "We'd rather not do negative things like boycotts," he said, "but when the growers refuse to sit down at the bargaining table there is no alternative." Reuther handed over a check for five thousand dollars, and pledged the same amount every month until the strike was over. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. was underwriting A.W.O.C. at ten thousand dollars a month, and collections had been taken

up by the Garment Workers, Seafarers, Packinghouse Workers, and other A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions, as well as by church and student groups. But the combined sums did not pay for the strike, which was costing forty thousand dollars a month. The deficit was made up in hardship.

By the middle of March, 1966, when the Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor conducted hearings in California, the two organizations involved in the strike—N.F.W.A. and A.W.O.C.—had conducted by far the longest farm strike in California history, and seemed to be on the edge of total defeat. The chairman of the subcommittee was Harrison A. Williams, Jr., a Democrat from New Jersey, who had been supporting the interests of farm workers in Congress since 1959—the year the subcommittee was established—and he was accompanied by Senator Robert Kennedy, of New York, and Senator George Murphy, a California Republican. Chavez addressed Senator Williams's subcommittee with his usual frankness. "Although we appreciate your efforts here, we do not believe that public hearings are the route to solving the problem of the farm worker," he said. "In fact, I do not think that anyone should ever hold another hearing or make a special investigation of the farm-labor problem. Everything has been recorded too many times already, and the time is now past due for immediate action. Or, some people say education will do it—write off this generation of parents and hope my son gets out of farm work. Well, I am not ready to be written off as a loss, and farm work could be a decent job for my son, with a union. But the point is that this generation of farm-labor children will not get an adequate education until their parents earn enough to care for the child the way they want to and the way the other children in school—the ones who succeed—are cared for. . . . All we want from the government is the machinery—some rules of the game. All we need is the recognition of our right to full and equal coverage under every law which protects every other working man and woman in this country." Chavez was referring to the fact that growers, unlike most other employers, are under no legal obligation to bargain with their employees, since farm workers have been specifically exempted from the terms of the National Labor Relations Act, and only a few farm workers have been affected by federal minimum-wage legislation. In the course of the hearings, Bishop



25 years

28 years

34 years

43 years

Do the little telltale signs of age have to come on schedule?

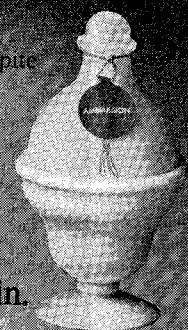
We've never thought so. In fact, we've spent more than a century proving otherwise.

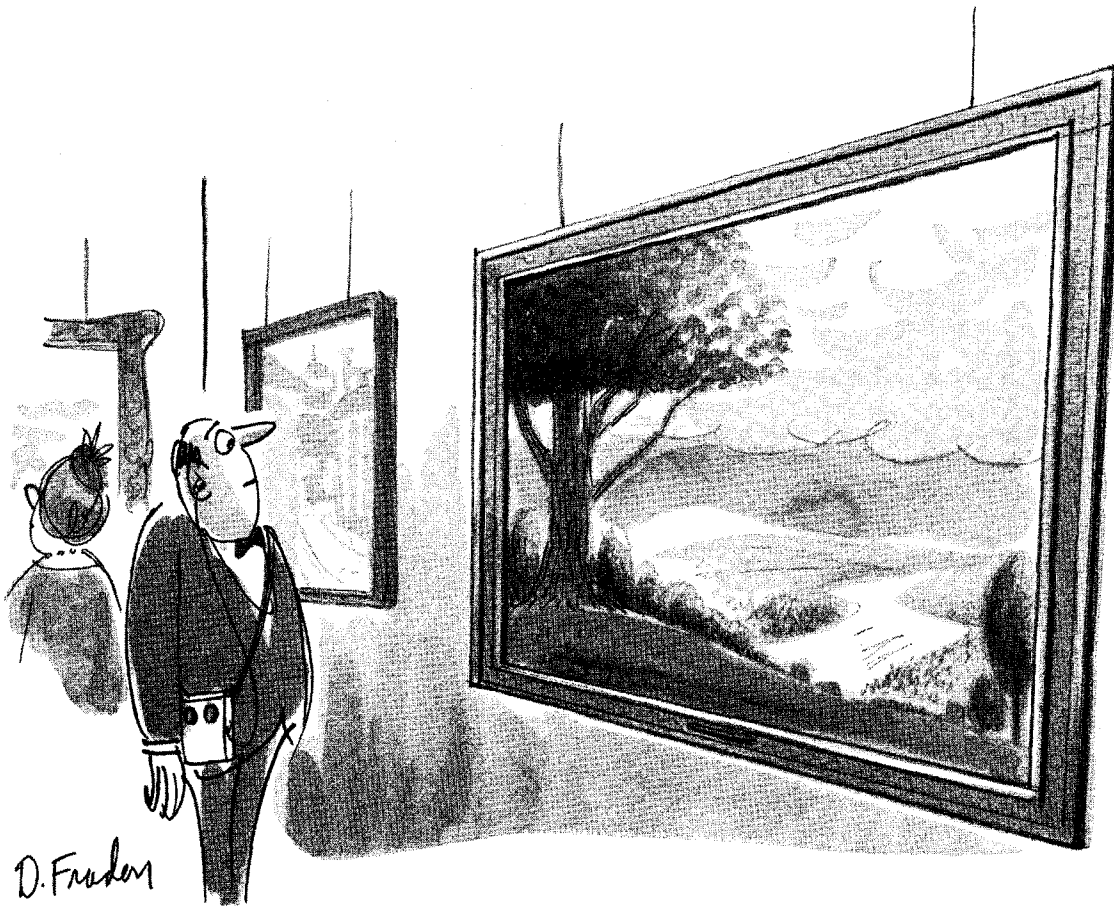
Guerlain has helped the most beautiful women in Europe keep their skin soft and youthful looking since we first made fine face emulsions for royalty in the 19th century. This long experience in cosmetics led to the development of a remarkable new moisturizing face cream. Ambrulsion.

It is highly concentrated, like a fine perfume. Yet despite its richness, it is absorbed instantly, replenishing the essential natural oils that keep the skin glowing. A few tiny drops at bedtime or during the day under makeup do marvelous things in postponing time.

It's true, you have to make a special trip to the Shalimar counter to find Ambrulsion. But then, until very recently you had to go to Europe.

Ambrulsion by Guerlain.





"And now, before we proceed to the next canvas, we pause in our commentary to bring you this message. Featured in our fourth-floor cafeteria today is our special chef's salad—one dollar and forty cents, beverage and dessert included."

Hugh A. Donohoe, of Stockton, expressed unanimous support for the strikers on the part of the eight Roman Catholic bishops of California and made an eloquent appeal for full collective-bargaining rights for farm workers.

On March 17th, the day after the hearings, Chavez set off on a widely publicized workers' march—or *peregrinación*, as he called it—from Delano to the steps of the capitol at Sacramento. The *peregrinación* was inspired in part by the freedom march from Selma, Alabama, that had taken place a year before, but, like a fast that Chavez undertook two years later, it had a religious connotation as well. Its emblem was the Mexican patron saint of the *campesinos*, La Virgen de Guadalupe, and the *peregrinación* was to arrive at the capitol steps on Easter Sunday. Chavez had suggested that the march should be penitential, like the Lenten processions of Mexico—an atonement for past sins of violence on the part of the strikers, and a kind of prayer. But *La Causa* was supported by a number of Protestants, Jews, and non-believers,

and some of them made it clear that they did not see the slightest reason for atonement on the workers' part—weren't the workers the victims? "The question was brought up at a special meeting," Mrs. Huerta told me. "We put the Virgin to a motion, and virginity won." Sixty-seven strikers set off on the three-hundred-mile march to Sacramento, where they hoped to meet with Governor Edmund G. Brown. The progress of the *peregrinación* was slow and ceremonial; as Chavez had anticipated, it received a good deal of support and participation from people along the way, in the form of food and shelter for the marchers. More than fifty of the strikers, who came to be known as *los originales*, made the entire march from Delano to Sacramento, which lasted twenty-five days, and when they arrived on the capitol steps, in the rain, on Easter morning they were joined by thousands of supporters and some notable figures in politics and labor. Governor Brown had forsaken notables and *originales* alike in favor of a weekend at Palm Springs with Frank Sinatra, but the occasion did not lack

a climax, for it was announced that Schenley had agreed to negotiate a contract. The contract, which was signed in June, 1966, provided an hourly wage of a dollar seventy-five and a union hiring hall. Except for some contracts the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union had won for pineapple workers in Hawaii, it was the first real contract for farm workers in the history of American labor.

The strikers now turned their attention to DiGiorgio, whose Sierra Vista Ranch occupied forty-four hundred acres near Delano, and began to establish a boycott of DiGiorgio's products. Suddenly the Teamsters union, which had provided important support for the strikers in the fight against Schenley, announced that it was prepared to represent the DiGiorgio workers, and the company quickly arranged an election in which workers could choose the Teamsters, Chavez's N.F.W.A., or no union at all. The election was held on June 24th, but Chavez told his

people not to vote, and Governor Brown ordered an investigation by Ronald W. Haughton, of the American Arbitration Association, who recommended that a second election be held. There followed two tense months of accusations, violence, reprisals, injunctions, and arrests. Among those arrested was Chavez. Having persuaded ten workers to walk off the job at DiGiorgio's Borrego Springs property, northeast of San Diego, Chavez and two clergymen, one Protestant and one Catholic, accompanied them into the ranch to retrieve their belongings and were arrested for trespassing. All of them except the Catholic priest were then stripped naked and chained together by some zealous sheriff's deputies.

The Teamsters was the only union that had supported the retention of the *bracero* program, and, as Chavez saw the situation, the Teamsters had entered into an alliance with DiGiorgio to work out what is known as a "sweetheart" contract—one that would almost certainly benefit the union and the employer but might or might not help



—from "The Other City," ©1969, David White, Inc., New York



—from "The Way It Is," ©1969, Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York

I took this picture from a fire escape. I think that's the Empire State Building over there.

Somebody fell down here and died. There was a kid named Pete sniffing glue on the roof with his friend James. Then some drug addicts came, and James ran when he saw them. He called to Pete, "Come on, here come two men." Pete said no, he wanted to stay on the roof. The junkies asked him for money, but he didn't have any money, only a ring that was real gold. So they took his ring and then they threw him off the roof. That's what some people think.

Other people think James did it, because he told us that night that he had a dream he pushed Pete off. But most people say it wasn't James, because he was Pete's friend. There are even some other people who think Pete died of glue and beer. They think he got poisoned.

They found out about Pete when a man saw him laying down there and called the cops. When they came, they thought he was drunk, so they didn't call the ambulance right away. When the ambulance did come, it was too late, and when he got to the hospital he was dead.

Everybody was crying. All of his friends collected money for the coffin, because Pete's parents didn't have enough to pay for it. At the funeral his father wanted to play records for him.

In hope of doing each other some good

Pictures and text of these two books were created by two teams of 7th and 8th grade boys of two Brooklyn neighborhoods. In a much, much more prosperous neighborhood in the suburbs of Rochester fifteen youths who have had a few more years than the Brooklyn boys to cultivate their antipathy to school have devoted a term of English classes to the unfettered creation of a movie entitled "Today's Teenage Life." And there have been many other such projects we have tried to encourage one way or another.

The young Brooklynites may or may not take some satisfaction in seeing their real names as authors of a hard-cover book acclaimed by several U.S. Senators and mayors. The suburban film makers—several of them offspring of successful executives—may possibly feel some pride in having at long last attained nearly 100% school attendance and punctuality during the last term of formal schooling for most of them.

A theory now making its way around educational and social service circles holds that the planning of pictures, the taking of pictures (with equipment signifying a degree of

trust), and later the thoughtful editing of those pictures can build powers of articulation among youngsters whose verbal skills stand at a pathetically low level.

Young intellectuals today are much immersed in the filmic art. That young *non*-intellectuals can also immerse themselves in that art to their benefit excites a manufacturer of photographic goods and apparatus even more. How gratifying it would be to have resounding proof that visual literacy of the active type is a direct (if neglected) road to the literacy commonly considered the basis of civilization!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

Teachers and others involved with the young in an organized rescue mission on behalf of civilization may wish to pursue this subject further by requesting the pamphlet "Elements of Visual Literacy" from Eastman Kodak Company, Department 624, Rochester, N.Y. 14650. Those who wish to invest \$1 should send it to the Department of Cultural Affairs (an agency of the New York City government), 830 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021, requesting a copy of "A Guide for Film Teachers to Filmmaking by Teenagers."

Kodak

the workers. Under these circumstances, Chavez concluded that he had no choice but to merge N.F.W.A. with A.W.O.C., under the banner of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. The merger took place in August, before the second election at DiGiorgio, and the last phase of the battle with the Teamsters was extremely vicious. The A.F.L.-C.I.O., which had expelled the Teamsters in 1957, charged that the Teamsters were controlled by gangsters, and the Teamsters countered that the new organization, called the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, was influenced by an international Communist conspiracy. Prevented from picketing at the Sierra Vista Ranch, the strikers held nightly vigils outside the labor camps, at a shrine set up in the back of Chavez's old Mercury station wagon; the workers, some of whom had been recruited by DiGiorgio from as far away as Juárez, Mexico, were proselytized when they came out to pray. The second election was held at Sierra Vista on August 30th, and anyone who had worked there for fifteen days or more during the previous year was eligible to vote. The Teamsters already had a large California membership of workers directly dependent on agriculture, which is a four-billion-dollar industry in the state, and the workers in the packing sheds voted 94 to 43 to join the Teamsters. But the field workers, some of whom had heard about the election in Mexico and had come back at their own expense, voted for U.F.W.O.C. by 530 to 331.

Nine days after the DiGiorgio election, the field workers walked out of the vineyards of A. Perelli-Minetti & Sons, demanding to be represented by U.F.W.O.C. But the company, which makes Tribuno wines, signed a contract with the Teamsters. After another inter-union struggle, in the course of which a U.F.W.O.C. picket, John Shroyer, was beaten up, the Teamsters reversed their policy and came to terms with Chavez. Under a general agreement reached in July, 1967, U.F.W.O.C. gave the Teamsters representation of certain shed workers in return for representation of all field workers, including those at Perelli-Minetti, whose union contract was at once transferred to U.F.W.O.C. After these developments, Gallo, Almaden,

Christian Brothers, and the other large California wineries presented very few difficulties for Chavez; the big wineries, which sell their products under their own nationally advertised brand names, would be especially vulnerable to a boycott, and by September of 1968, when the Paul Masson vineyards signed, almost all of them had contracts with U.F.W.O.C.

Meanwhile, the growers of table grapes, who are less vulnerable, continued to resist, and they were unquestionably heartened in November, 1966, when Ronald Reagan, who had spoken out against the grape strike from the start of his campaign, was elected governor. In that same month, U.F.W.O.C. won another representation election at the vineyards of Moseian-Hourigan-Goldberg, a relatively small firm in Delano, by a vote of 285 to 38, but that was the last new representation election any table-grape grower has permitted. In fact, there had not been much good news of any sort for the union in many months until a few days ago, when ten table-grape growers in the Coachella Valley indicated that they would be willing to negotiate with Chavez.

CHAVEZ eats no breakfast and is careless about lunch. He usually sits down to a modest meal in the evening. During the day, he drinks a great deal of Diet-Rite Cola, and he keeps a supply of dried apricots and prunes and a package of matzos in a drawer in his desk at U.F.W.O.C. headquarters in Delano. On the other hand, he is very fond of Chinese food, and I drove thirty miles with him one evening last summer to eat dinner at his favorite Chinese restaurant in Bakersfield. It was a family outing. Helen Chavez and four Chavez daughters went in one car, with a friend; Chavez and I were in a second car with the youngest daughter, Elizabeth, and the two young Chavez sons, Anthony and Paul. The only child missing was Fernando, nineteen, who was living with his Chavez grandparents in San Jose.

All eight of the Chavez children have nicknames. Elizabeth, who was then ten, had pronounced her own name as "Titibeth" when she was a baby, and it had stuck; Paul, eleven,

who had been an especially rotund infant, started out as Bubble, and the name was later modified to Babo; and Anthony, who had just turned nine, was called Birdie, because of his supposed resemblance to a bird. "My own name was Manzi," Chavez told me. "As a small child, I was supposed to have liked *manzanilla*—you know, camomile tea? So the family always called me Manzi."

The memory made him smile. There is a single silver strand in the black Indian hair that falls across his forehead, and a black mole on the brown skin just below his lower lip seems to balance a gold tooth in his smile. He went on talking cheerfully about his childhood. His paternal grandfather had been a peon in Mexico, but had come to the United States with his family in 1889 and acquired, as a homesteader, about a hundred and sixty acres of sage and mesquite desert in the Gila River Valley some fifteen miles northeast of Yuma, Arizona. Chavez's parents were both born in Mexico, but Cesar Estrada Chavez entered the world, on March 31, 1927, as a citizen of the United States. According to Chavez, his grandfather, another Cesar, greatly admired the big Mexican haciendas, and since he had nine sons and six daughters, some of whom had families of their own, he designed his house on the same scale. It lasted a half century, and might have lasted indefinitely in that dry climate if the roof had been of tile instead of adobe, because the walls were twenty-four inches thick. The house was cool in summer, warm in winter; it stood on a slope against the hills, with a laundry and a woodshed on one side and a garden on the other side. The farm produced cotton, lettuce, carrots, and watermelon, with maize, grain, and alfalfa for the animals, and it fed not only the Chavez families but many strangers who were wandering up and down the land in the Depression years. "At that time," Chavez said, "my mother's patron saint was St. Edwiges—I think she was a queen who gave everything to the poor—and my mother had made a pledge never to turn away anyone who came for food. And so, you know, ordinary people would come and have the food, and there were a lot of hoboes that used to come, at any time of day or night. Most of them were white. We lived in my aunt's house in Yuma for a while, and my mother sent my brother Richard and me out into the street sometimes to look for *trampitas*—that was our affectionate way of calling the hoboes. I remember the first one. We



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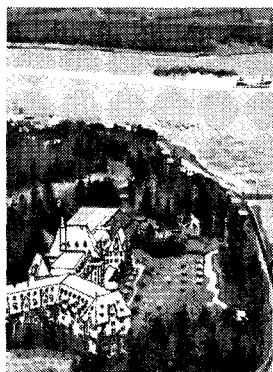


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found him sitting under a retaining wall, right around the corner, and we wanted this one bad, so we could quit looking and go play. But when we told him all about the free food just waiting for him around the corner, that tramp couldn't believe it. 'What for?' he said. 'What are you doing it for?' 'For nothing,' we said. 'You just come with us.' So we hustled him around the corner, and he ate the food, but he still didn't believe it. She'd just give them very simple things—beans and tortillas and hot coffee—but it was a meal, and soon all the hoboes knew about her, because word spreads. We didn't have much, and sometimes there was enough for everybody and sometimes there wasn't."

Manuel Chavez, who is first cousin to Cesar and Richard, came to the farm to live when he was small, and has been so close to Cesar ever since that the two men refer to each other as "my brother." For a while, this produced a certain amount of confusion in the union movement. The story goes that one time someone came to Cesar and begged him for enlightenment: *Was Manuel his brother?* In this period, Manuel's volatile nature was a constant threat to Cesar's program of non-violence, and Cesar considered the question a few seconds before he answered it. "Sometimes," he said.

The farm in the Gila River Valley represents a lost home to all three men. By 1937, Chavez's grandfather had died and the family's money was all gone; the farm was seized by the county to pay off the local taxes and the water bill. While they were working in the Imperial Valley last summer, Manuel and Richard drove over to see the homestead, and reported to Cesar that they found only a ruin of fallen adobe on another man's farm. "I missed that house," Cesar told me. "When I was living there, we had all kinds of space—it seemed like the whole world belonged to us. In the cities, I couldn't get used to the fences. We couldn't play like we used to. On the farm, we had a little place where we played, and a tree in there was ours and we played there. We built bridges and we left everything there and when we came back the next day it was still there. You see, we never knew what stealing was, or to be stolen from. Another thing that we learned after we left the farm—my dad especially—was that people would lie to you. Lie without batting an eye. For instance, they'd say, 'If you go to so-and-so place, they have a job for you, at a very high

wage.' And we always went for it, hook, line, and sinker. They'd get you to go because you were competition. And we'd get there and we'd find there was no housing. The wages weren't what they'd said, and in many cases there wasn't even a job. I remember now that my dad and my mother had a heck of a time trying to understand why anyone would really—you know—just lie."

Chavez was quiet for a while. "We went to live in Brawley, and we used to shine shoes, and we really hustled. The cops wouldn't let us into Anglo

Town, where the white people lived, but there was a diner right on the line, kind of, and everybody talked about how it was supposed to have beautiful hamburgers. It also had a sign reading 'WHITE TRADE ONLY,' but we had

just come from the country, from Arizona, from a community that was mostly Mexican or whites too poor to bother about us. So we didn't understand yet, and we went in. The counter girl was up at the far end with her boy friend, and I said, 'Two hamburgers, please!'" Chavez shook his head. "The girl said, 'What's the matter—you can't read? Goddam dumb Mex!'" She and her boy friend laughed, and we ran out. Richard was cursing them, but I was the one who had spoken to them, and I was crying. That laugh rang in my ears for twenty years. It seemed to cut us out of the human race."

With the loss of their land, the Chavez family became migrant farm workers. Up and down California they followed the crops, struggling for shelter, clothing, food. When the trek began, Manuel was twelve, Cesar ten, and Richard eight. Their childhood was already over. They worked with their parents in the fields, picking prunes and figs and apricots, turning grapes for raisins, hunching and stooping down row upon row, from the Imperial Valley north to Marysville, and then south again in November, taking such poor, segregated schooling as they could find in the brief winter season between pruning and girdling. Chavez says that he attended more than thirty schools, without ever reaching high school. Although all members of the family were United States citizens, they were in constant peril of deportation: the Border Patrol, known as "*la migra*," rarely concerned itself with the difference between Mexicans and Mexican-Americans. "My mother was so frightened of '*la migra*' that she



would be trembling whenever we were near the border," Chavez said. Sometimes the family lived in tents or under bridges, eking out a meagre diet with fish and with greens culled from roadside ditches. "Mexicans like hogweed," he said enigmatically. He and Richard saved tinfoil from old cigarette packs found on the highway; from the sale of an enormous ball weighing eighteen pounds, he remembers, they made enough to buy two sweatshirts and one pair of tennis shoes. In 1939, in San Jose, Cesar's father joined a C.I.O. union that was organizing workers in the dried-fruit industry; this union was broken, like all other farm workers' unions, as soon as it went out on strike.

Chavez stopped talking to point out some freight cars on a railroad siding; in the twilight, I could just make out that the cars were heaped with sugar beets. "That is one crop I am glad is automated," he said. "That was work for an animal, not a man. Stooping and digging all day. And the beets are heavy. Oh, that's brutal work. And then to go home to some little place, with all those kids, and hot and dirty—that is how a man is crucified. *Crucified.*" He spoke with a low, intense burst of anger, gazing back at the cars of beets. "The growers don't care about people, and they never will. Their improvements, their laborsaving devices are all for their own benefit, not for ours. But once we get union contracts, we'll be protected. We're not afraid of automation. We'll split the profits of progress with them, fifty-fifty."

At Bill Lee's Bamboo Chopsticks, in Bakersfield, we all sat at one big table in a corner. The older girls announced that they wanted the combination shrimp plate, and there were jokes between Chavez and his children about shrimp strikes and hungry strike-breakers who might cross the picket line in the middle of the table. In the excitement, Chavez repeatedly confused the names of Sylvia and Linda, his very pretty older daughters, and at last Linda shouted, "He doesn't know us apart!" Chavez shook his head ruefully; he gazed at her until she looked at him and smiled. But then he called Linda "Sylvia" again, and his wife hissed at him with real vehemence.

Mrs. Chavez, whose maiden name was Fabela, has fierce Spanish eyebrows. Her father was a colonel under Pancho Villa in the Revolution, and Chavez sometimes teases her about her hot blood. They met in Delano during the Second World War when Chavez, then fifteen and still migrating, found



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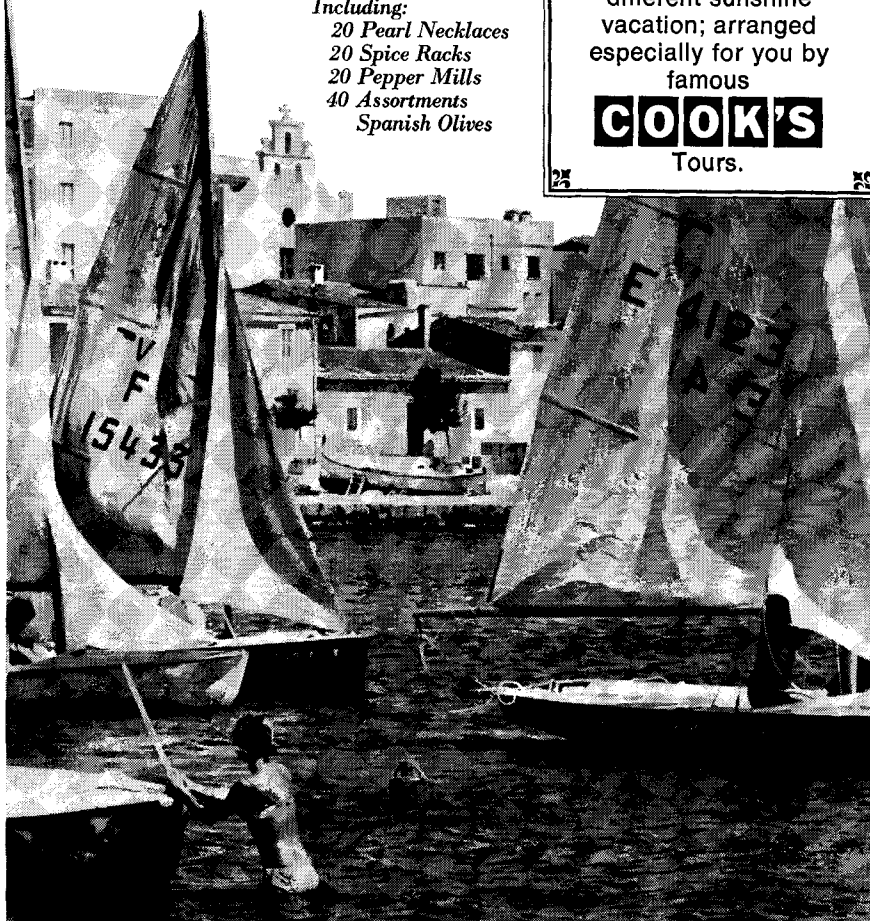


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himself stranded there, out of a job. She was working in a grocery store. "She used to give me gas coupons, I think," Chavez told the children. "Then she asked me to a show. How could I say no?"

Unwillingly, it seemed, Mrs. Chavez began to smile.

"Who paid?" Sylvia asked.

"She did, of course." He laughed a little, smiling warmly at his wife. "She had a job and I did not—what could I do?"

"Were you a lover in your days?" Linda inquired.

"Love 'em and leave 'em, I bet," another daughter said, and the shrimp eaters giggled as a group. The children were all salty and affectionate with their father without being impolite.

"Well, I was very friendly, you know. A lot of girls were my friends, but I was not a lover." Chavez said this simply, without coyness.

Chavez was called to the telephone while we were breaking open our fortune cookies, and we waited for him a little later in the street. There was a bookstore right across the street from the restaurant, and Mrs. Chavez said, "I hope it isn't open—he'll be in there all night." She said that he was the same way about camera stores. Her shyness made me feel shy myself. At any rate, I had no wish to intrude upon her, and confined myself to the observation that I supposed she would be very glad when the strike was over. Helen Chavez's smile, when it appears, is a beautiful surprise. "Yes," she said, paying no attention to the fatuity of my remark. Standing there on the sidewalk, considering life without the strike, she spoke the word with all her heart.

On the way home, Chavez reminisced about the two years he spent in the Navy, where he first became interested in photography. "I got in this poker game," he said. "I think that was the first time and the last time I ever gambled. And I won and I won and I won—I could not stop winning. There was more money lying there than I had ever seen before. And I couldn't quit. The guy who gets that far ahead, he can never quit." Finally, a loser begged Chavez to buy his camera so that he could keep on losing. Chavez said he had forgotten what happened to the money, but he kept the camera and started taking pictures.

He had joined the Navy in 1944, and he served for two years on a de-

stroyer escort on weather patrol out of Saipan. He had never been on a ship before, and at first he was very seasick, and frightened of the sea. In fact, the ocean still disturbs him. "I like the sea, but I don't rest there," he said. "I think. The waves coming in, you know. They make me think. I love the woods. Big trees. That's where I rest."

In 1948, Cesar Chavez and Helen Fabela got married. "We went to live on a farm near San Jose, and there was a little tiny house for me and my family. I was married, Richard was married, and there was my mother and my dad, my sisters, and my other brother. We worked the strawberries, sharecropping—it was horrible. We worked there for two and a half years, and we never made any money. We figured later that the whole family together was making twenty-three cents an hour. At the end of the month, we just didn't have anything left over. We worked two and a half years. Every day, every single day—Saturday, Sunday. And I couldn't get my dad to leave. I didn't want to leave him there, yet I couldn't get him to leave—because he'd made a commitment, you know. His word! There were hundreds of people caught in this exploitation. Finally, we got him to admit that we were being taken, and that the best way was just to leave the whole damn thing."

In 1950, Richard and Cesar went to work in a lumber camp on the Smith River, just south of the Oregon border.



It was summer, and they slept in the big woods along the river. One day, they asked the foreman if they could build a cabin in the woods, and because they were both good, dependable workers the permission was granted. In their spare time, they built a serviceable cabin, and in the process learned basic carpentry. For Richard, this was a turning point, because not long after that he

became an apprentice carpenter. The brothers loved the cool forest and the river, they were proud of their cabin, and they were making good money. But although both had steady work and could have brought their families there, they returned in the same year to San Jose, where they lived in a slum area known as Sal Si Puedes—a name that may be translated, roughly, as Escape If You Can. Before long, Richard became a carpenter, and Cesar, supporting his family as best he could, took the first steps in his career as a labor or-

ganizer and the founder of what may become the first effective farm workers' union in America.

IT is as an organizer, rather than a union leader, that Chavez sees himself, and one afternoon while we were driving back to Delano from some appointments he had had in San Francisco he told me, with cheerful fatalism, that when his union is established and his own people, no longer preoccupied with survival and aspiring to consumer status, find him too thorny for their liking and kick him out, he might like to go and organize somewhere else—maybe in the Mexican slums of East Los Angeles. He always speaks passionately about organizing, but he does not romanticize his work. "There's no trick to organizing, there's no shortcut. A good organizer is someone willing to work long and hard," he said. "Just keep talking to people, and the people will respond. People can be organized for the most ridiculous things. They can be organized for bad as well as good. Look at the John Birch Society. Look at Hitler. The reactionaries are always better organizers. The right has a lot of discipline that the left lacks. The left always dilutes itself. Instead of merging to go after the common enemy, the left splinters, and the splinters go after one another. Meanwhile, the right keeps after its objective, pounding away, pounding away."

Going south through Oakland toward the freeway, Chavez pointed out St. Mary's Church, in whose hall he had held his first big meeting for the Community Service Organization. "I was green, you know, but we brought in over four hundred people. Oh, I was so happy! I was *happy!*"

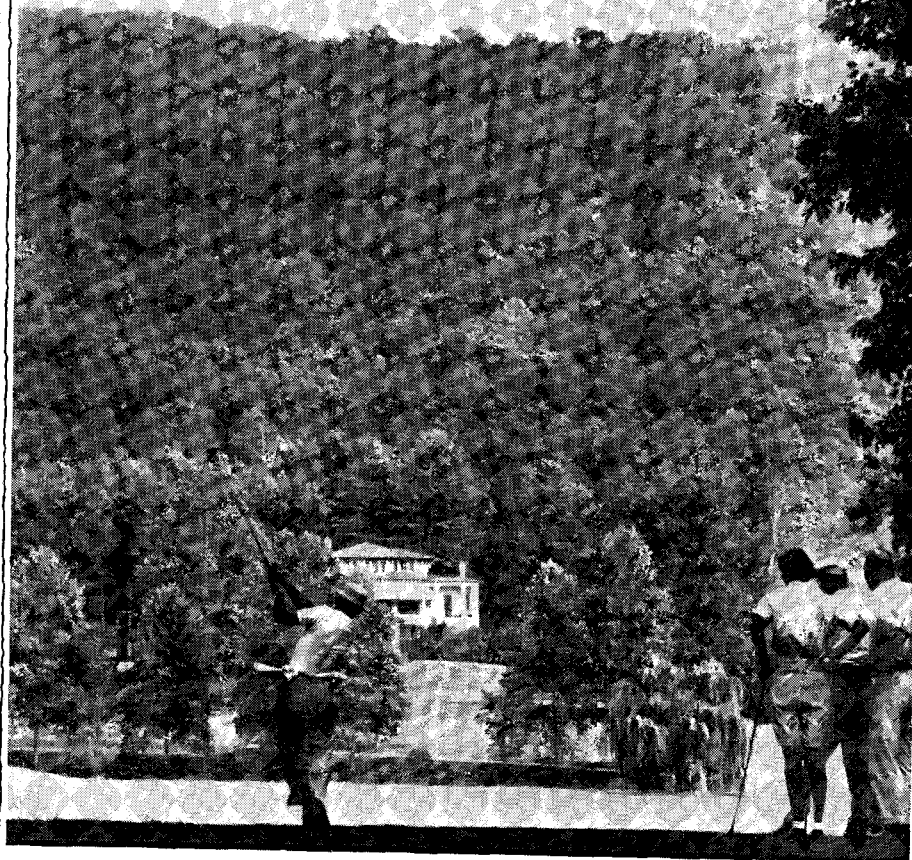
By the time we reached the freeway, it was nearly five, and an hour later we were still caught on a belt of noise and ugliness that bored through the sprawling suburbs of the Bay area. The rush-hour traffic was stifling any chance we had of reaching Delano in time for a union meeting that evening, and Chavez said, "Maybe I could stop in San Jose and just say hello to my mother and my dad." Aside from his parents and his son Fernando, he has two sisters and a brother living in San Jose. The brother is a carpenter. One sister is married to a carpenter, the other to a plasterer. "They're pretty good guys," Chavez said. "But they're not interested in what we're doing. I don't see too much of them." Chavez talked a lot about his sister Rita, who became president of the San Jose C.S.O. In a fight to get blacks into her

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chapter, he said proudly, she had beaten down the prejudice against them that she found among many of the Mexicans. "Oh, Rita's great!" he said. "If she had a choice, she'd be swinging with us right now, down in Delano."

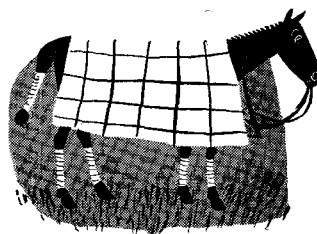
Chavez has always wanted to have his family involved in his organizing work as much as possible. "Of course, I'm lucky to have an exceptional woman," he said. "Even if I come home at four in the morning, I give her a full report on what has happened, and to this day—well, most of the time—she still wants me to do this."

He recalled one Sunday when his wife succeeded in getting him to accompany the family on a picnic. There were so many workers coming to see him on their day off that he planned to leave very early in the morning to avoid refusing them. But a few arrived before he could get away and had to be left unattended to, and Chavez felt so miserable all day that he ruined the picnic for everybody. That evening, he told his wife that he was being pulled apart, that he had to give his full time to the people and just do the best he could with his own family. "It's lucky I have Helen there, because I'm never really home," he said. "I was home when two of the children were born and away for all the rest." He closed his eyes and massaged them with the fingers of one hand—a characteristic gesture of distress. "You know, I always felt that because I really wanted to do something for people this would be all right. But we talk about sacrificing ourselves and often we are sacrificing others. By the time Birdie came, Helen was pretty much used to it, I guess, but..." He stopped speaking for a minute, then opened his eyes, and when he spoke again his voice was harsher. "You cannot have it both ways.

Either you concentrate your attention on the people who have claims on you or you say, 'No, I have to help many more at their expense.' You don't exclude them totally, and they get more attention than anybody else, but they aren't going to get enough. You can't have it both ways. You cannot! Anybody who uses the family as an excuse not to do what he has to do..." He stopped again, then resumed, in a quieter voice. "I haven't been home in four nights. Sometimes I'm away for ten nights, maybe more. It hurts me not to be home with my family, you know—I feel it. The whole thing is rough on the

children. I know that. They don't like living in poverty, especially when they know that it's intentional on my part. And things get harder as they get older—it's harder to get nice hand-me-down clothes and everything. But they are great, they are just great!" He smiled. "I told them that they were better off than the migrants, that at least they had a purpose in their lives, and they understood this—they really did. Of course, they think I'm pretty old-fashioned. I tease Sylvia about always fixing her hair—the waste of time, you know. I told her that women are prettier the way they are made, that they should leave their hair the way it came. And I make a lot of fun of people who give their spare time to mowing the lawn, or washing their cars, or playing golf. To me, it's such a waste of time. How can you justify doing that sort of thing as long as all these other things are going on—the suffering?"

I said nothing, and a moment later, very quietly, he went on. "There's a saying in Spanish, '*Lo que no puedes ver en tu casa, lo has de tener*'—'That which you don't like you wind up having at home.' Sylvia finished high school, and I've asked her several times about registering for college, but she won't go. And Fernando..." He nodded. "My son is a good golfer. He is a *real* Mexican-American." This was the first truly bitter remark I had ever heard him make. He caught himself immediately. "Well, that isn't fair," he said. "By 'real Mexican-American' I mean someone who is just interested in material things. But Fernando isn't



that way at all. He had a hell of a time in school, you know—we finally had to take him out. One fight after another. There was one grower's son who was really out to get him.

Here I was, dedicated to non-violence, and my son fighting right and left." He managed a smile. "He always won. I think they finally had a great big fight that was supposed to settle things once and for all, and Fernando knocked him out." Chavez frowned a little, evidently to repress a small note of pride. "By that time, anyway, he had already lost interest in the strike."

Chavez was quiet for a while, and then he said, "I never once took him fishing or to a ball game, or even to the movies." His tone in judging himself had the same harshness that he had levied on his son. "I only took him

to the office or out on the picket line. He'd be interested at first, but after a while he lost interest. He still doesn't know what he wants to do. He's out of a job, and he's not really in school, and he's liable to the draft." Chavez rubbed his eyes again.

"My family is deprived," he said flatly, after a time. "And we're going to stay deprived until we can get education. I can't get them to read. If I could just get *one* of them..." He paused. "Maybe Birdie." Nodding, he repeated, "Maybe Birdie."

Between the Oakland suburbs and San Jose, a countryside of small truck farms and farmhouses has not yet been sealed over with asphalt and concrete. Chavez remarked on how pretty these small farms were in comparison with the huge food factories of Delano. "They have life in them," he said. "People still live here." Seeing men and women stooping in the fields, he talked about the short-handled hoe, which he regards as a symbol of man's exploitation of man. "You have to caress a plant tenderly to make it grow, and the short hoe makes you bend over and work closer to the plant," he said. "But a good man can work just as well with a long hoe, without the exhaustion." Stoop labor with the short hoe is so painful that in speeches to workers an attack on the short hoe brings a wild cheer of anger and approval every time he uses it.

We left the freeway, turning east up the gleaming glass-plastic-neon boulevard that is San Jose's main thoroughfare; at the end of it low, bare ridges of the Santa Clara Mountains ease the eye. Toward the eastern edge of town is Sal Si Pudes. Of the many communities that Chavez has known since he left the Gila River Valley, he feels drawn most strongly to Sal Si Pudes, where he lived for long periods both before and after he was married. He pointed out a wooden church that he had helped to build. Sal Si Pudes was the first community that he organized for the C.S.O., and there is scarcely a house along those small streets that he hasn't been in. The part of the *barrio* where his parents live has a few trees and patches of lawn among the bungalows. We stopped at a mailbox marked "Chavez," and he went into the yellow stucco house to see if his parents were at home. When he came out to get me, he was tailed by two toddling nephews, and he was laughing.

Chavez's parents are about eighty, and they both have spectacles and snowy hair. The father, who must

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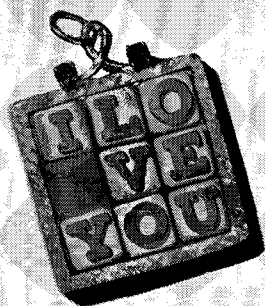
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have been a very strong, good-looking man, has been troubled for several years with age and weight and deafness; his wife is still very alert and active. After I had said hello to Chavez's parents, he introduced me to a niece of his, a pretty fifteen-year-old named Rachel, and to his son Fernando, a tall, strong-looking boy with a generous, open face and manner. Fernando held a golf iron in his hand.

Chavez, sitting on the couch with his mother in the living room, asked Rachel if she was coming to Delano the next summer to help in the strike, and she said enthusiastically that she would like that. I had the feeling that he was talking to his son, and apparently Fernando thought so, too, because he murmured mildly that he had meant to accompany Manuel to New York to help with the boycott and wondered why Manuel had not let him know that he was leaving.

Chavez looked at his son. "I guess you know we don't pay people to strike," he said in a flat voice.

"I know," the boy said uneasily. "I wanted to go anyway." He met his father's gaze.

"Well, it's never too late, I guess," Chavez said. He turned back to his mother.

Fernando glanced at me and smiled; the smile made no comment. I asked him about his golf, and he told me that he shared a bag of clubs with a friend and that he had once broken seventy.

Chavez spoke with his mother for all but a few minutes of the hour or so we spent in his parents' house; the pleasure he took in her company was a pleasure to see, and I doubt if her eyes left him once during the visit. His father sat quietly on a chair by the door. Chavez speaks warmly of his father, from whom he learned his contempt for that special kind of male self-consciousness that Mexicans call *machismo*; unlike most Mexican-Americans, Mr. Chavez never considered it unmanly to bathe his children or take them to the toilet or do small menial jobs around the house.

Before we left, Chavez took his mother's fragile hands in his and said goodbye. On the way to the road, he knelt to talk with his small nephews, giving them ten cents each. He asked the older child his name, and the boy said he was Aguilar Chavez Junior the Third. Everybody burst out laughing except Aguilar Junior the Third, who

merely looked pleased. The boys said goodbye to "Tio Cesar," and he left them grinning broadly. "You see?" he told me. "Money talks."

In the car, I told Chavez that I thought Fernando had seemed sincere about going to New York, and he nodded. Apparently, Manuel had mentioned before leaving that Fernando wished to go along, but Cesar had not taken it seriously. Now he did, however, and for a while, as we drove south, he spoke proudly of Fernando. "We'll make a good organizer out of him yet," he said in a delighted tone. But then he caught himself and laughed. "I know," he said. "This time I'll let him come on his own decision, with no pressure. That will be best."

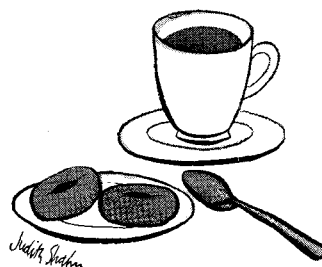
From San Jose, we continued south on U.S. 101, following El Camino Real—the Royal Way—which once connected the old Franciscan missions of California. Since Chavez had given up any idea of getting to the union meeting, he decided to visit one of the most beautiful of all the missions, which was only a few miles off our route. "Our time is our own for the rest of the evening," he said. "We can spend it as we like."

Along both sides of the road were pretty orchards, but Chavez took no pleasure in them. Belted in, shrunk down in his seat, he peered out at them through a corner of his window. "Oh, I picked a lot of prune, a lot," he said. "I hated it." Farther on, the orchards gave way to the soft, flowing golden hills of the small Santa Clara

Mountains, and here and there, like islets in the stream of golden grass, stood old, dark, sturdy oak trees. The oaks made him sit up again; he called my attention to the more beautiful ones as we rode along, and said that oaks—*los robles*—

were his favorite trees. With disgust, he pointed out a place where giant oaks had been hacked down to make way for a big raw-metal cistern.

At Gilroy, it was late in the summer day, though the light was still warm on the round crests of the low hills. On one of these hills, to the south, the Mission San Juan Bautista was founded, in 1797. Its hill overlooks a small valley and is overlooked, in turn, by higher hills. The mission is of white adobe, roofed with tiles of fine old reds, and the church, with the portico of its monastery, forms one side of one of the



oldest Spanish plazas in California. The plaza is fronted on two other sides by high adobe and frame buildings of the nineteenth-century West—the Golden West, to judge from the nugget color of their paint. The columns of the portico are three feet thick, and they reminded Chavez of the walls of the adobe farmhouse in the Gila River Valley. He laid his small brown hand on the old surfaces. "You can always tell when adobe walls are thick," he said. "Even from head on and far away. It's almost magical."

We walked the length of the empty portico. Dark was coming, but the light was so clear—we were far from the cities—that different reds could still be made out on old tiles of different ages. All was softened by ancient evergreens and crusting lichens, and under the eaves violet-green swallows flitted out and returned. Chavez pointed out the old floor of the portico, which was a broken, weathered mix of stone, adobe, ancient brick, and concrete—anything that had come to hand over the years. He said that he longed to have such a floor in the buildings at the Forty Acres, the new union headquarters outside Delano, but that the members would never tolerate it. "They're real Americans," he said affectionately. "They want everything to look slick and expensive, to show the world that their union is a success." He laughed. "Well, we're going to put a wall around the Forty Acres, to make it a kind of cloister, like this mission, and the beautiful side will be facing in, so that the people who built it can enjoy it. If outsiders wish to come in and look, they'll be very welcome."

Our shoes whispered on old stones. Slowly, we walked around the mission in the gathering dusk. Chavez said that he liked to think his adobe buildings at the Forty Acres would weather as well as the old missions, but the state had demanded steel reinforcements; he said this as if steel, lacking the right spirit, might prove to be the weakest link.

"I can't remember when my interest in the missions started," he said. "It must have been very deep. When I got married, Helen didn't know very much about missions, so on our honeymoon we visited just about all of them, from San Diego north to Sonoma. What appeals to me is their ability to withstand the ages. Some are two hundred years old, you know. And this is for me a sort of symbol of what happens to people with the right attitudes. Everywhere else, they slaughtered the hell out of the Indians, all across the country, but in the missions it was differ-



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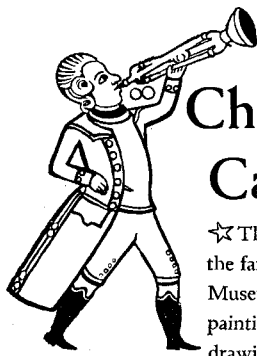
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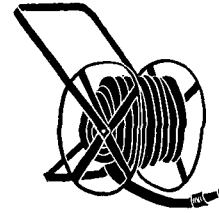
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ent. Everywhere else, the Indians were exploited—whatever religion they had was taken away from them and they were made Christians. Of course, the missions used them, too, but the whole spirit was different. The Mexican government perceived this, and that's why they wanted to destroy the missions. Oh, they were animals, some of those Mexican governors! They were *animals*! You see, it was really a Dark Age in terms of human life, but the missions gave sanctuary to the Indians, and it was a whole new approach to human beings. The Franciscans came and they said, 'These are human beings.' And the missions reflect this spirit—not just the architecture but the way they have lasted." He looked around him, and continued, "They are beautiful. They are peaceful. And I think that comes from a kind of crusad-



ing spirit, completely opposed to what was happening in the country before and afterward. There were few Indian uprisings here, very few. The big fight was between the Franciscans and the governments—first Spain and then Mexico—to keep the soldiers from rape and looting. Those Spanish soldiers were terrible. Hopeless. They were always at odds with the Franciscans, because the priests wouldn't give in on moral grounds. 'You can't abuse Indians,' they said. 'You can't abuse women.' The Franciscans made the soldiers respect the Indians. There were abuses on their side, too, but in general the moral force was great. Their history was long and most of the records have been lost, so the abuses by the Franciscans have been exaggerated. Most people don't realize what these priests did for the Indians—in South America and Mexico as well as here, and at great cost. They neutralized the governments. If the Church had been active in the United States at the time the Negroes were coming in, with the same kind of moral force, the present mess would never have developed. And it wouldn't have happened with the Indians—the mass slaughters, wiping them out." He sighed. "Bartolomé de Las Casas—he was a great Dominican missionary, and he fought the Crown, and finally he made them understand. Today, the Franciscans have only about four of the old missions. There's one mission that has been fully restored by the government—La Purísima Concepción, near Lompoc, on the coast. They made the tiles exactly the way the tiles were made by the Indians, and

it's beautiful, but it's empty. It's cold. If the Church is not there—the people—it loses its life. It dies."

When the United States acquired California, the Indians who were inherited from the mission farms were paid half of what other workers got, and their objection to this treatment was a factor in a general massacre that took place between 1850 and 1852, when Indian numbers in California, already low, were reduced from perhaps eighty-five thousand to about thirty-one thousand. This free-enterprise solution to the Indian problem caused a temporary labor shortage, but the advantages

of the discriminatory pay scale in keeping labor groups at odds with one another were obvious, and the device has been used effectively ever since. For example, when the Filipinos arrived in force, in the nineteen-twenties, they

were paid even less than the Mexicans, who were already in a very poor bargaining position, since most of them had entered the United States illegally, as "wetbacks," and could be, and often were, deported before payday came around, or when they protested too strenuously about anything. Traditionally, Mexicans and Filipinos have competed for the available work—usually stoop labor, since preference in the tree jobs is given to the Anglos—and, despite Chavez's most earnest efforts, there is still noticeable distance in the union between the two groups that formed it in 1965.

"I hear more and more Mexicans talking about *la raza*—to build up their pride, you know," Chavez told me. "Some people don't look at it as racism, but when you say '*la raza*,' you are saying an anti-gringo thing, and it won't stop there. Today it's anti-gringo, tomorrow it will be anti-Negro, and the day after it will be anti-Filipino, anti-Puerto Rican. And then it will be anti-poor-Mexican, and anti-darker-skinned Mexican. We had a stupid guy who just wanted to play politics with the union, and he began to whip up *la raza* against the white volunteers, and even had some of the farm workers and the pickets and the organizers hung up on *la raza*. So I took him on. These things have to be met head on. On discrimination, I don't even give the members the privilege of a vote, and I'm not ashamed of it. No, the whole business of discrimination can't exist here. So often, these days, the leaders are afraid, and even though they feel strongly against racism, they

will not speak out against it. If the leadership is united, then it can say, 'All right, if you're going to do things that way, then you'll have to get rid of us.' You have to speak out immediately, the first time. Anyway, this guy was talking to people and saying he didn't like Filipinos taking over the union. So a small group came to me and said that a lot of people were very mad because the Filipinos were coming in. And I really reacted. I said a lot of people would be mad if Negroes came in in large numbers like that, and I said they were going to accept the Filipinos if I had to shove them down their throats." Chavez paused, as if surprised at his own violence. "I told them, 'That's the way I feel.' And so they left. A couple of days later, they said they wanted a big meeting. And I said, 'O.K., let's have a big meeting.' So at the big meeting they said they wanted to discuss discrimination—in other words, they wanted to take a vote to discriminate. And I said, 'Over my dead body. There will be no such vote taken here, and, furthermore, before you get rid of the Filipinos you'll have to get rid of me.' 'No vote?' they said, and I said, 'It can't be done. Those of you who don't like it, I suggest that you get out, because you're not doing anybody any good. Or, even better, I'll get out. I'll join the Filipinos, and we'll build a trade union.' Well, I'd say ninety-five per cent of the audience stood up and applauded. And this small group felt isolated. The employers, of course, have used this for years and years—one group set against the other. I explained this to the audience, and I told them that the Filipinos would be a tremendous asset—new people, new ideas. That's what a union is. *La raza* is a very dangerous concept. I speak very strongly against it among the *chicanos*. At this point in the struggle, they respect me enough so that they don't emphasize *la raza*, but as soon as this is over they'll be against me, because I make fun of it, and I knock down *machismo*, too. Oh, I heard a sick, sick speech by a Mexican the other day. I don't like to see any man discriminating. But when a Mexican discriminates—*ooh!*" He winced. "That *really* cuts me. As a Mexican-American, I expect more of them than of anybody else. I love them, and I guess I'd like them to be perfect."

SEVERE back pains that had been dragging Chavez down for months finally forced him to take some time off last autumn, and he went to St. Anthony's, a Franciscan seminary in

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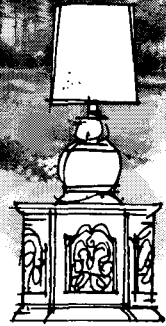
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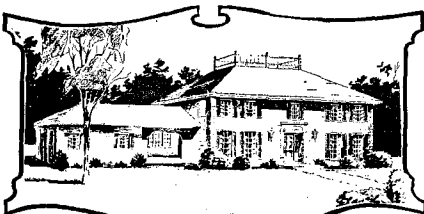
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Santa Barbara, where he could have daily therapy at a hospital. I found him flat on his back in bed. In crisp white pajamas, he looked small. He greeted me cheerfully but made no effort to sit up when he took my hand, his drawn face patched with gray from months of pain. Over his head, three rosaries hung from an extended bar, and with them a Jewish mezuzah on a silver chain, which he always puts on under his shirt when he goes out. "I'm sure Christ wore a mezuzah," he said, with a grin. "He certainly didn't wear a cross." On a wall of the room, as in his office in Delano, there was a Mexican straw crucifix. It was a small room, and the bed, a washstand, two stiff chairs, and a small bureau filled it. On the bureau was a borrowed tape recorder, with tapes of some flamenco music by Manitas de Plata and songs of Joan Baez. There was also a framed photograph of Gandhi.

There had been some bad news from Delano. Mack Lyons, the workers' representative at DiGiorgio, had found two groups of non-union pruners working in DiGiorgio's Arvin vineyards, and when the pruners were questioned they said that the vineyards had been sold. Since the union had been unable to obtain a so-called successor clause in the contract with DiGiorgio, guaranteeing that the contract would bind a new owner, this was a serious blow, and Chavez had called an emergency meeting to discuss how to handle the new threat. The next phase of the long battle was clearly going to be a difficult one, and Chavez would need all his strength for it. (In March of this year, Dr. Janet Travell, who treated President Kennedy, concluded that Chavez's back trouble was not a degenerative-disc condition, as had been thought, but a muscle spasm caused by the fact that one of his legs is shorter than the other and one side of his pelvis is smaller—an imbalance to which, as he grows older and less resilient, his muscles can no longer adjust. Dr. Travell's treatment is the first that has given Chavez any real relief.)

Last fall in Santa Barbara, there was speculation that the long fast Chavez had made earlier in the year might have aggravated his back condition, and in the sun on a porch outside his room I talked with Helen Chavez about the fast. She told me that at the beginning he had kept it secret for about three days. At home, he would pretend that he had already eaten or

that he wasn't hungry. Then one day Manuel said to her, "Is he still fasting?" After that, she offered Cesar all his favorite foods, and still he would not eat. Finally, she confronted him in his office, and when he admitted he was fasting she got very upset; she was sure he would harm himself. "The kids were already worried," she said. "And when I told them, they said, 'Dad looks awful. Will he be O.K.?' But after another day or so we got used to the idea and went along with him."

Not everyone went along. The fast, which lasted twenty-five days, split the union down the middle. Mrs. Chavez and Richard and Manuel knew that he had been fasting before he announced it, but even they were stunned by his intention of prolonging the fast indefinitely. So was LeRoy Chatfield, who still speaks with awe of the speech in which Chavez announced his decision. Chavez had called a special meeting for twelve noon on Monday, February 19, 1968, at a hall in Delano, and the strikers and the office staff as well as their families were there. Several acts of violence had been committed by union people, and he talked for an hour and a half about non-violence. He discussed Vietnam, wondering aloud how so many of his listeners could deplore the violence in Asia and yet promote it in the United States. He said that the Mexican tradition of proving manliness—*machismo*—through violence was in error. *La Causa* must not risk a single life on either side, because it *was* a cause, not just a union, and had to deal with people not as membership cards or Social

Security numbers but as human beings, one by one.

"Cesar took a very hard line," Chatfield told me. "He said we were falling back on violence in the strike because we weren't creative enough or imaginative enough to find another solu-



tion—because we didn't *work* hard enough. One of the things he said in the speech was that he felt we had lost our will to win—by which he meant that behaving violently or advocating violence, or even thinking that maybe violence isn't such a bad thing, is really losing your will to win, your commitment to win. This seems like a very idealistic position, but there's truth in it. Anarchy leads to chaos, and out of chaos rises the demagogue. That's one of the reasons he is so upset about *la raza*. The same Mexicans that ten years ago were talking about themselves as Spaniards are coming on real strong

these days as Mexicans. Everyone should be proud of what he is, of course, but race is only skin-deep. It's phony, and it comes out of frustration—the *la raza* people are not secure. They want to use Cesar as a symbol of their nationalism. But he doesn't want any part of it. He said to me just the other day, 'Can't they understand that that's just the way Hitler started?' A few months ago, a big foundation gave some money to a *la raza* group—they liked the outfit's sense of pride, or something—and Cesar really told them off. He feels that racism will destroy our union faster than anything else—that it plays right into the growers' hands if they can keep the minorities fighting, pitting one race against another, one group against another."

In his speech that day, Chavez discussed the civil-rights movement and how, in its recourse to violence, it had made black people suffer; black homes, not white, were being burned, and black sons killed. The union, he said, had raised the hopes of many poor people. It had a responsibility to those people, whose hopes, along with all the union gains, would be destroyed after the first cheap victories of violence. Finally, he announced the fast. It was not a hunger strike, because its purpose was not strategic; it was an act of prayer and love for the union members, because, as their leader, he felt responsible for the acts of all of them. There would be no vote on the fast, which would continue for an indefinite period, and had, in fact, begun the week before. He was not going into seclusion, and would continue his work as best he could. He asked that the people in the room keep the news entirely to themselves. Since it was difficult to fast at home, and since the Forty Acres was the spiritual home of the union, he would walk there as soon as he had finished speaking, and remain there until the fast was done. "His act was intensely personal," Chatfield told me. "And the whole theme of his speech was love. In fact, his last words to us before he left the room and started that long walk to the Forty Acres were something like 'I am doing this because I love you.'"

Helen Chavez followed Cesar from the hall, and everyone sat for some time in silence. Then the meeting was taken over by Larry Iliong, the assistant director, who said straight out that Brother Chavez should be persuaded to come off the fast. Manuel Chavez then declared that Cesar was an Indian, and therefore stubborn, and that once he had made up his mind to



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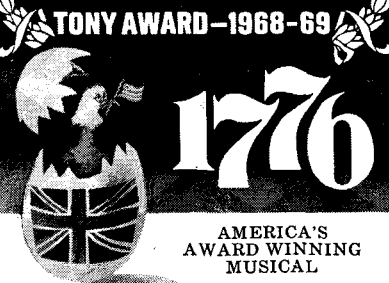
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do something, nothing anyone could say was going to stop him. Other members made many other comments. One man, for example, dismissed all the talk about striker violence as grower propaganda, and therefore saw no reason for the fast. Some of the Protestants and agnostics in the union, white and brown, still resented the Catholic aura of the Sacramento march of the year before, and now they felt offended all over again. They were supported by some Catholics, who felt that the Church was being exploited, and also by most of the white volunteers, the Jews especially, who disliked any religious overtone whatever. For the first week or so, almost the whole board of directors was against the fast. On the other hand, the membership, largely Catholic, accepted it in apprehensive faith. The people complied with Chavez's request that no one try a fast of sympathy on his own, but he learned later, from the candidly expressed annoyance of their wives, that three young men had taken a vow of chastity for the duration of the fast, and held to it. He speaks of this sacrifice with awe and regret, but it seemed to him a moving example of the farm workers' new spirit.

There were many misgivings and many doubts about what Chavez was trying to accomplish. "When we visited Cesar in his little room at the Forty Acres," Chatfield told me, "he would point at the wall and say, 'See that white wall? Well, imagine ten different-colored balls, all jumping up and down. One ball is called Religion, another Propaganda, another Organizing, another Law, and so forth. When people look at that wall and see those balls, different people look at different balls, and each person keeps his eye on his own ball. For each person, the balls mean different things, but for everyone they can mean something.' I began to see what he meant. My ball was Propaganda, and I kept my eye on that. I could therefore be perfectly comfortable, and understand the fast completely in those terms, and not negate the nine other balls—Organizing, say. And, as a matter of fact, we never organized so many people in such a short time, before or since. The fast gave the lie to the growers' claim that we had no following. Some people came every night to attend Mass at the Forty Acres—came sixty-five, eighty-five miles every night. People stood in line for an hour, two hours, to talk with him. Cesar saw it as a fantastic opportunity to talk to one man, one family, at a time. When that person

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leaves, he goes away with something. He's no longer a member, he's an organizer. At the Sunday Mass, we had as many as two thousand people. That's what the growers don't understand—we're all over the state. In fact, there's nowhere in this state or anywhere in the Southwest where the people don't know about Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers. And they say, 'When is he coming? Are we next?'"

As the fast wore on through February and into March, many of the farm workers became worried, and a number of strikers came to Manuel and swore that they would never be violent again if he could just persuade Cesar to quit. Other union members were made increasingly uncomfortable by the religious implications of the fast, especially after the seventeenth day, when Chavez asked his brother Richard to construct a simple cross—the materials cost a dollar and a half, according to Richard—which was later burned by vandals. The cross was the ultimate affront to at least two volunteers. One dismissed the entire fast as "a cheap publicity stunt." The other, who had once been a priest, accused Chavez of having a Messiah complex. Both soon quit the United Farm Workers for good.

At a Mass of Thanksgiving that concluded the fast, Chavez was too weak to speak, and a brief speech was read for him, in English and in Spanish. After describing the purpose of the fast, he concluded as follows: "When we are really honest with ourselves, we must admit that our lives are all that really belongs to us. So it is how we use our lives that determines what kind of men we are. It is my deepest belief that only by giving our lives do we find life. I am convinced that the truest act of courage, the strongest act of manliness, is to sacrifice ourselves for others in a totally non-violent struggle for justice. To be a man is to suffer for others. God help us be men."

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

(This is the second of two articles on Cesar Chavez.)

Motorists driving between West Jefferson and Mechanicsburg-Urbana apparently will have to use the detour for a while. For how long is the highway department's secret. Evans said, "There will be no peace abroad and little security at home."

—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

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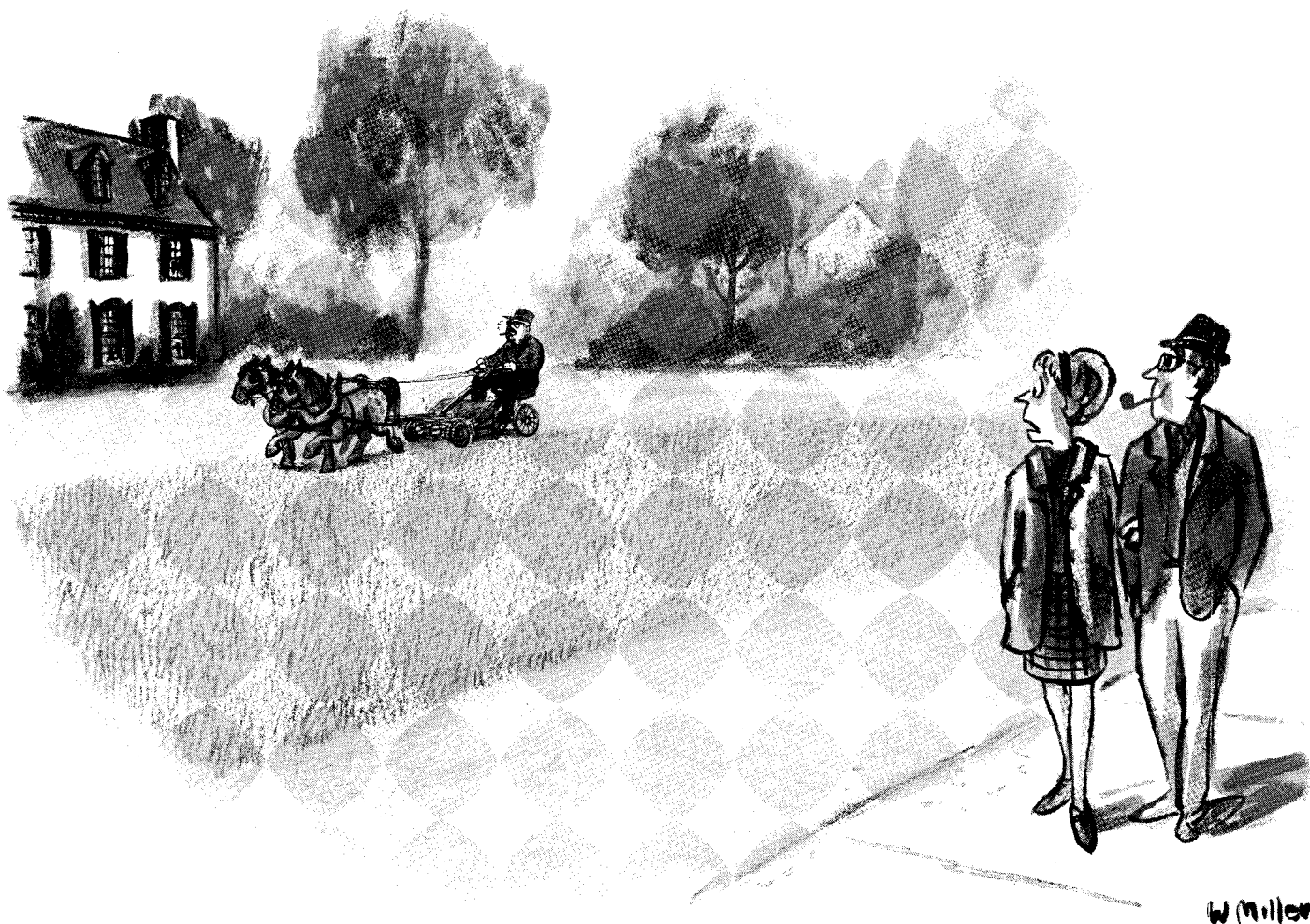
OFF BROADWAY

WITH all my heart, I recommend staying away from the slick and repulsive come-on called "Oh! Calcutta!," the very title of which—a pun in English on a ribald French slang phrase—hints at the abject schoolboy level of wit to which this "entertainment with music" laboriously aspires. The drama critic and impresario Kenneth Tynan is billed as having "devised" the show, and I am at a loss to understand how he has managed to plunge so unnimply far below the standards that he has always set for others. I am also at a loss to know why Jacques Levy should wish it to be known that the "entire production was conceived and directed by Jacques Levy." In Mr. Levy's shoes, I would have given it out that the director's name was Millard Fillmore, or maybe Gyp the Blood. The authors of

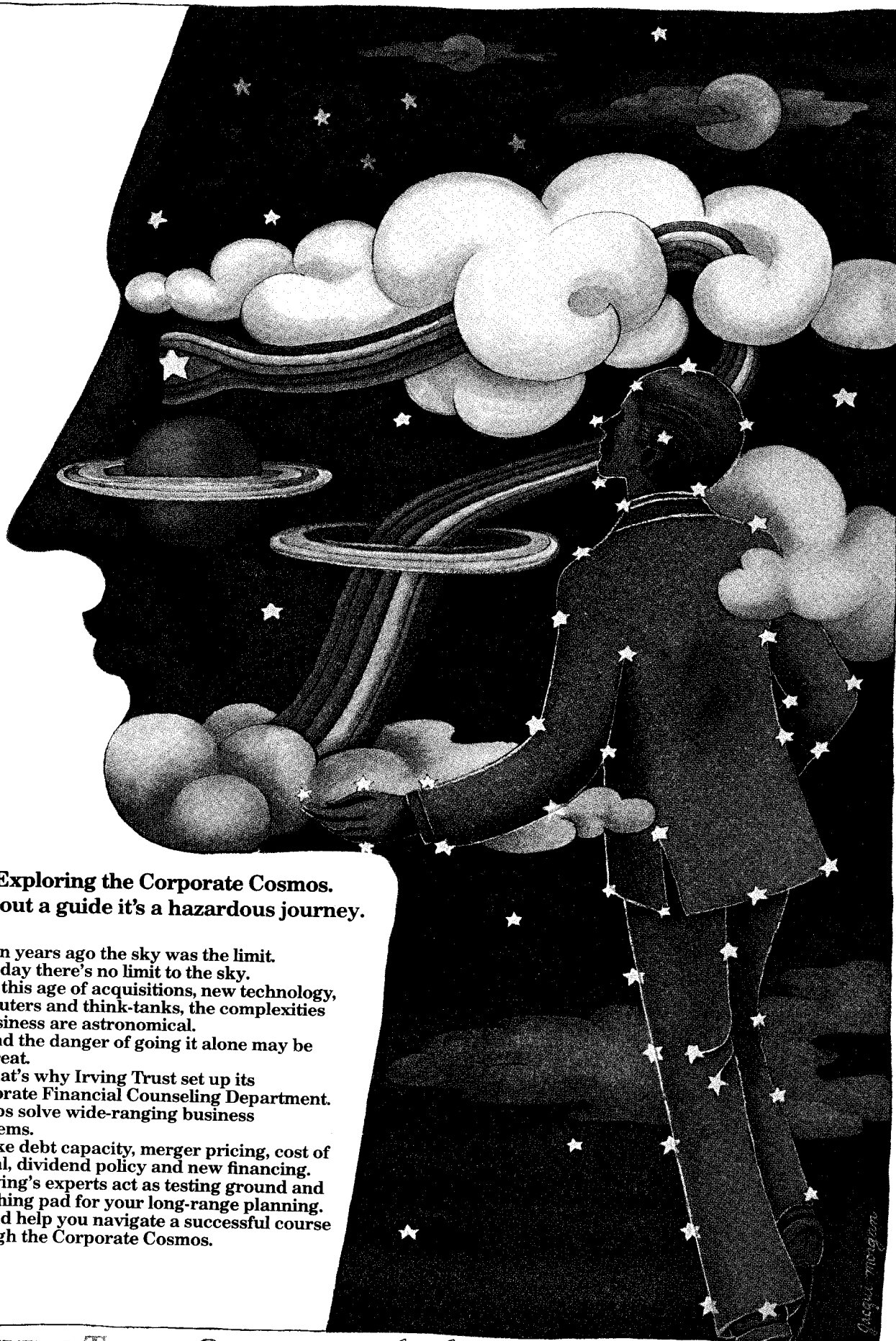
the tasteless and talentless skits that make up the bulk of the show are mercifully denied individual credit for their handiwork; writhing together like snakes in a pail under the heading "Contributors" are Samuel Beckett, Jules Feiffer, Dan Greenburg, John Lennon, Jacques Levy, Leonard Melfi, Sam Shepard, Kenneth Tynan, Sherman Yellen, and the team of David Newman and Robert Benton. Even the least of this uneven assortment of names is diminished by its association with "Oh! Calcutta!" As for the attractive young actors and actresses who people the stage of the inappropriately renamed Eden Theatre, what can they have been thinking of when they consented to appear in roles that in most cases require little more of them than that they shuck off their clothes, talk dirty, and manipulate themselves and

each other sexually in a dreary succession of conventional burlesque black-outs? I suppose the question answers itself: actors prefer working to thinking, and for them any stage is better than none.

Of the many gifts of the many people associated with "Oh! Calcutta!," the one that has served the show best is Mr. Tynan's Barnum-like capacity for lining up suckers by dint of skillful advance publicity. In a number of pronunciamientos handed down to the press before the opening, he indicated that his intention was to give the public what it richly deserves and rarely gets—a demonstration in a theatre of the joyful nature of sex. To this end, it was archly promised that all of the members of the cast would be, from time to time, totally naked (and how beautiful their bodies are, in the pride and disciplined suppleness of their youth!), but obviously there is more to sex than nudity, and it is perversely Victorian of Mr. Tynan to have put so much emphasis upon it. But the chief indictment to be made of "Oh! Calcutta!" is that, a couple of dance numbers aside, there is not a single joyful thing about it; it is a radically anti-



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Twist of lemon

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erotic enterprise, whose gloomy and preposterous message is that women are objects, either dangerous or funny, and, in any case, deserving to be abased and defiled. An audience that sits and listens to such a message is also abased and defiled.

"FIREWORKS" was the over-all title of three one-act plays by Jon Swan, which recently opened and closed at the Village South Theatre. Mr. Swan is a poet (and a fortunate one: What other poet has a rhymed couplet for a name?), and he shares with us his pleasure in the incantatory power of words. Unfortunately, he tends to write cabinet dramas, which have the defect of being as easy to enjoy between covers as onstage. Mr. Swan must practice to grow less bookish and become more *farouche*, it being a safe rule in art that there is no use in depicting the calm before the storm if one then omits the storm. Stephen Joyce brought to the leading role in all three plays a commendable variety of attack. The perhaps oversolemn direction was by Kent Paul, and the ingenious scenery was by Stephen Hendrickson.

—BRENDAN GILL

WHICH PAGE OF THE VIRGINIAN-PILOT D'YA READ?

Both Mrs. Dirksen and Mrs. Mansfield had \$10 bets to win on Majestic Prince, which paid \$4.80, \$3.40 and \$2.60. But the presidential party left so quickly afterwards that there was no time to cash in their winning tickets.

White House aides said they would be mailed in to the track to collect their winnings.

But the White House aides apparently had overlooked a provision of the postal law which forbids the mailing of betting tickets for redemption. So if Mrs. Dirksen and Mrs. Mansfield want to collect their winnings they will either have to make a trip back to Louisville themselves or delegate someone to present the tickets in person at the track's payoff window.

—Issue of May 4, 1969, page 1.

Someone still hasn't collected his \$105 on a \$50 ticket for Forward Pass to place in last year's Derby. He has two years from the date of the race to collect. If he hasn't awakened by then, he can collect anytime from the state revenue department.

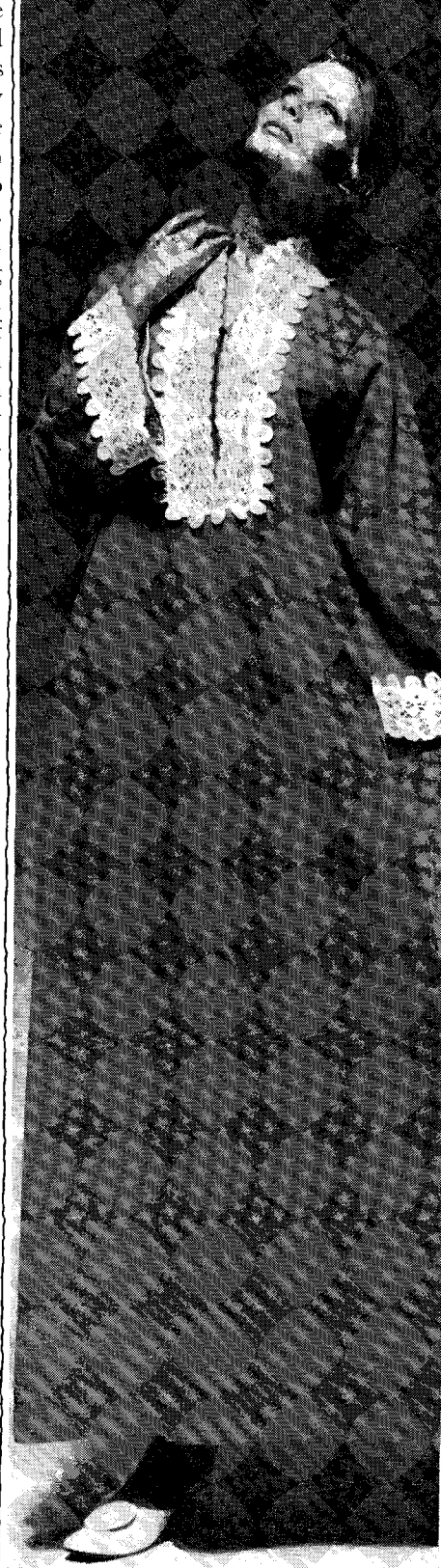
Coyte said he has written 50 checks in the past two weeks for uncollected winnings from last year's Derby.

"People would know they can mail in their ticket to the track if they forget to collect on race day if they'd only read the program," he said.

"We mail checks stacked a foot high after each Derby. I have to hire an extra girl to type them out."—Same issue, page E2.

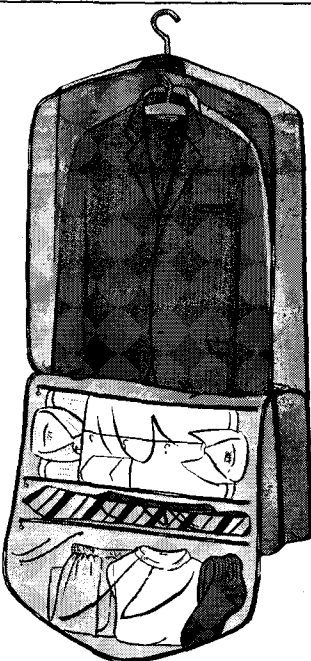
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New York Notes



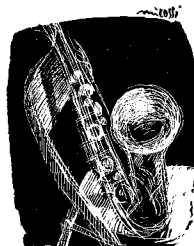
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JUNE 17TH: The least heralded but most exciting event here tonight—it was obscured by the primary elections and by the opening of Kenneth Tynan's "Oh! Calcutta!"—took place at the Village Vanguard, where Charles Mingus, the incomparable bassist, composer, bandleader, polemicist, impresario (Mingus products only), and autobiographer (his massive fabled, scurrilous memoirs have finally been accepted by a major publisher), appeared with a quintet and ended a self-imposed two-year retirement. The reports of Mingus that circulated during his retirement were fleeting and characteristic. He had a brush with the police in the Village when he refused to leave the roof of a parked car, from which he was photographing a hippie demonstration. He was sometimes seen, in all his Orson Welles bulk, pedalling around the same area on a bicycle. He was evicted from his loft, and the proceedings became the subject of a *cinéma-vérité* documentary. His return has been equally in character, for Mingus, though the most commanding—even domineering—bassist and bandleader in jazz, is a remarkably oblique man. It had been his wont during his retirement to drop into the Vanguard to listen to the music, and several weeks ago Max Gordon, the club's heroic owner, casually asked him when he was going to come out and play again. No definite response. A few days later, Mingus left a note for Gordon with his telephone number. Gordon called, and Mingus said he wasn't sure. A week before the opening, Mingus said yes, and began rehearsing.

pher summoned to his alma mater for an honorary degree. He spoke to the audience quietly and briefly, he corrected his musicians politely, he smiled a lot, he played like Chopin serenading George Sand, and his expression was placid and benign. (It was also unfailingly alert; Mingus has astonishingly intelligent eyes, and he invariably gives the impression that he *sees* every sound and texture and smell within a hundred yards.) The music was equally gracious. Some of his music—in particular his free-for-all ensembles—is demonic, but almost everything tonight was



legato and lyrical and loping. There were a lot of ballads and medium-tempo blues, and only with Mingus's "Pithecanthropus Erectus," his marvelous reworking of Cole Porter's "Get Out of Town," did the group manifest some of Mingus's old steam and frenzy. Mingus, a roll of adhesive tape at the ready, was apparently suffering from Soft Finger, the occupational ailment of out-of-practice bassists, and he took just one complete solo. It was on "In a Sentimental Mood," and it was beautiful. He pulled back on the beat, inserted dazzling, precise little runs, slipped in and out of double time, and, with his tone and timbre, gave Ellington's tune a pleased, delighted air. With the exception of the tenor-saxophonist Billie Robinson, the Vanguard group is made up of graduates of the Mingus seminary, and consists of Bill Hardman on trumpet, Charlie McPherson on alto saxophone, and Dannie Richmond on drums. McPherson is a fine Charlie Parker adherent, and Hardman plays with a staccato brilliance that seems in constant defiance of the legato upholstery that his model, Dizzy Gillespie, sometimes rests on. It was a quiet musicale, but an unfailingly absorbing one. Mingus's presence and skill and energy made his sidemen's banalities sound irresistible and their inspirations sound godly.

Mingus is propelled by his own winds, and they move him at every imaginable speed. He can sit and talk gently of the outrages and stupidities of life; he can verbally lash an audience from the bandstand for half an hour at a time; he can publicly fire and rehire a sideman during an evening; he can play with butterfly delicacy and alarming fury; he can be thin and stunningly good-looking and attractively fat; he can arrive on a bandstand with a satchel containing an axe (Mingus humor: musicians occasionally refer to their instruments as "axes") and then, seated on his customary stool, drink a glass of milk. Tonight, he was moving at a still different speed. He looked like a seventy-year-old philoso-

JUNE 18TH: Once seen and heard, Mingus hangs around in the mind, so I went back to see him tonight, partly to try and exorcise him, and partly to test the old legend that jazz soloists spend night after night pouring out fresh improvisations. When I arrived, Mingus and his musicians were sitting quietly on a ban-

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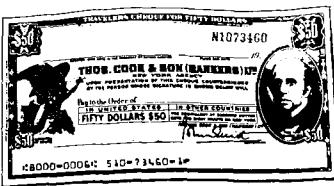
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quette to the right of the bandstand, as if, in a curiously affecting way, they were awaiting an interview with a king—the king, of course, being the audience itself. Mingus still seemed swathed in peace, but he changed abruptly when, as he was seated on his stool and ready for the first number, a well-dressed, half-zonked man said something chummily condescending to him. Mingus pushed his bass at the man and said, "Here, you play, man." Then he turned his back, began playing, and spent the rest of the set looking stonily into the middle distance. The music spoke for him. "So Long, Eric," a tribute to the late Eric Dolphy, was the first number, as it was last night, but it sounded like a different tune. It was relaxed and even sloppy last night. Tonight it was angry and loud and expert. Richmond laid down a wall-to-wall carpet of Elvin Jones sounds, Hardman was quick and brilliant, as were Robinson and McPherson, and Richmond took the sort of abrasive, head-knocking solo that Max Roach sometimes delivers when he is thinking hard thoughts about white men. "Pithecanthropus Erectus" appeared again as the second number, and it was an exhilarating tumult. Mingus, his fingers heavily taped and obviously hurting him, shifted to the piano, where, with spare dissonant chords and hard offbeat single notes, he pushed the ensembles into savage free-for-alls that were broken by tough solos backed by equally tough riffs and organ chords. The number cleared the air (the drunk, his face floating and blank, looked as if he had been hung by his collar on a coat hook), and it prepared the way for an Ellington medley. Mingus took a solo, but it was cautious and almost inaudible. The set ended and the drunk left, and at the beginning of the next set Mingus the wise and imperturbable returned. Surprisingly, the group played a pair of venerable bebop numbers, "Good Bait" and "Koko." (Perhaps Mingus has decided that bop should be revived. Its wild flags of sound would be a revelation to the rock generation.) McPherson picked his way handsomely through "Just Friends," and there was a swarming version of Mingus's "Fables of Faubus," his acid memorial to the former governor. The legend of non-stop improvisation *was* true tonight, largely because Mingus demands of his musicians exactly what he boundlessly gives.

Max Gordon hopes Mingus will stay a couple of more weeks. Months would be better. We need him.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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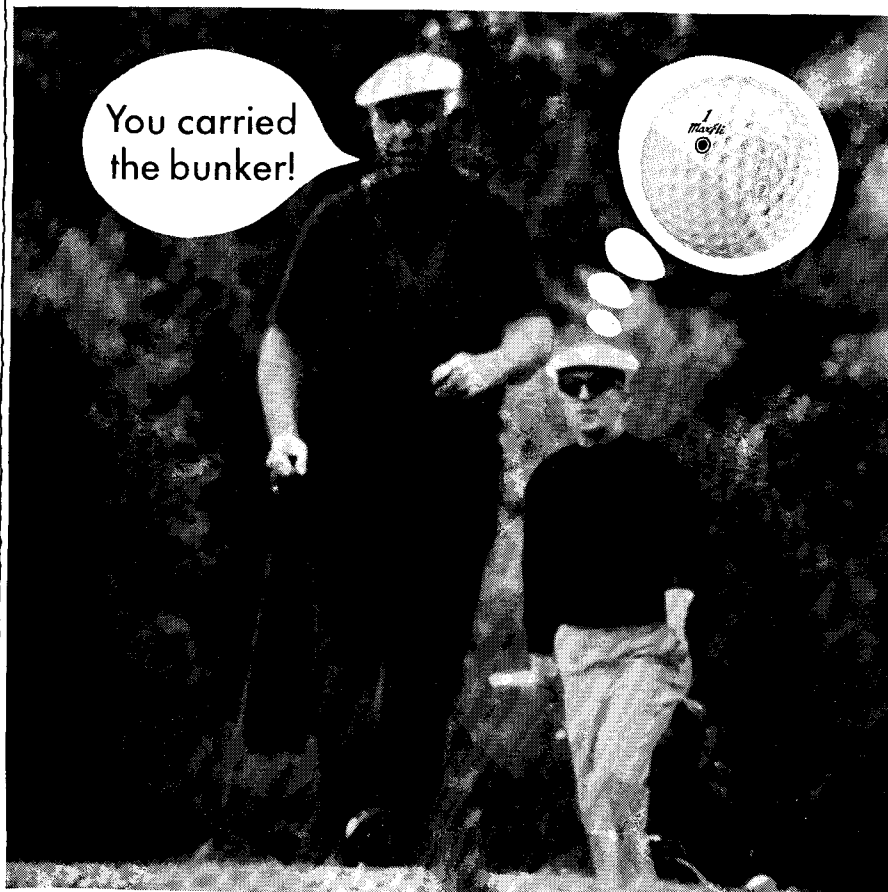
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LETTER FROM PARIS



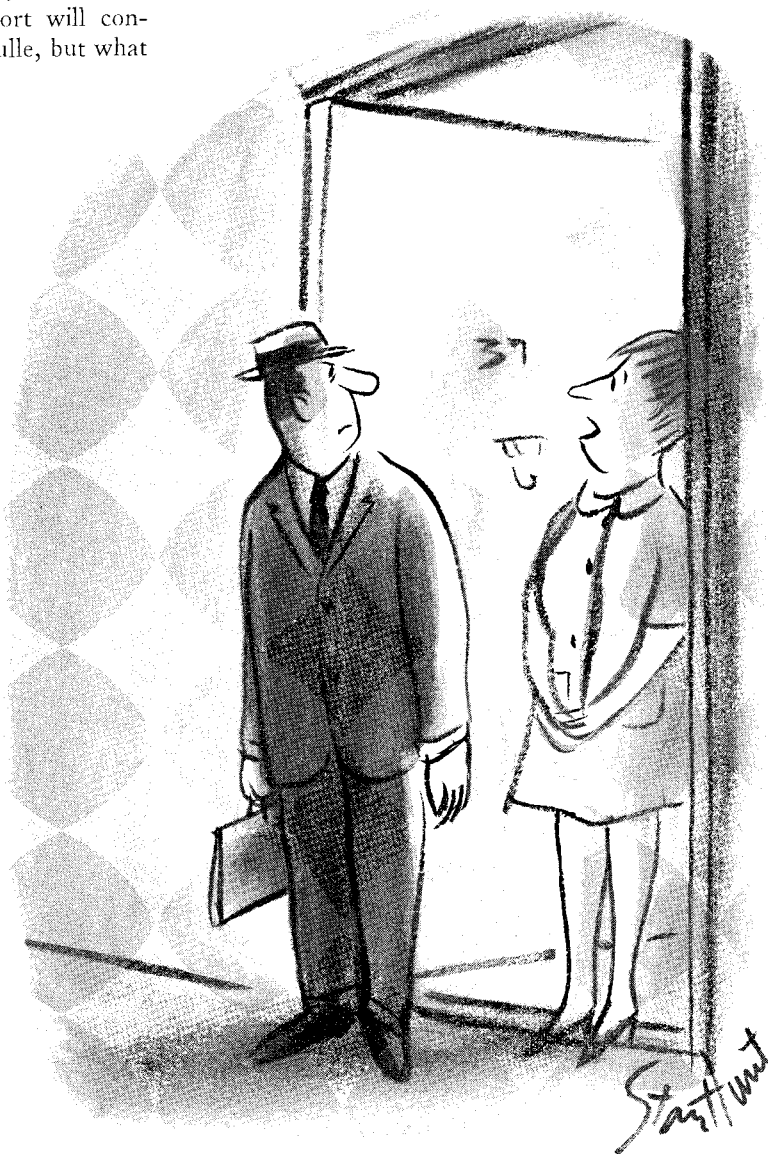
JUNE 18
THIS is the end of President de Gaulle's regime—the end of the most historic personal modern governmental experiment that France has known since Napoleon Bonaparte hastily crowned himself Emperor in Notre Dame. It is the end of Gaullism as inspirationally created by General de Gaulle, who, when a young man, had fallen passionately in love with the civilized country he was born in—a strange, Freudian mirror relationship between an exalted citizen, with a professorial genius for history, and a hexagon-shaped section of Europe that supplied the rich geography of his mind. With last Sunday's victorious election of his former Prime Minister, Georges Pompidou, as France's new President, it is evident that Gaullism of some sort will continue here without de Gaulle, but what will its remnants consist of? There was never any doubt over what the heritage of Napoleon would contain, even after his exile and death on St. Helena. The essence of him still functions today in his Napoleonic Code, the solid skeleton of every French government since and a shaping influence on the bodies of its citizens, since the Code furnishes the apparatus for French existence—for being born, getting married, educating your children, making your living, staying out of prison, and, eventually, being buried. Gaullism, taken purely as an ideal, was impersonal and strictly national, and probably has rested all these years on de Gaulle's own brief words, finally printed in the first volume of his memoirs: "I always had a certain idea of France," meaning something undefined but so high as to be nearly mythical.

Right now, with de Gaulle's reign at its of-

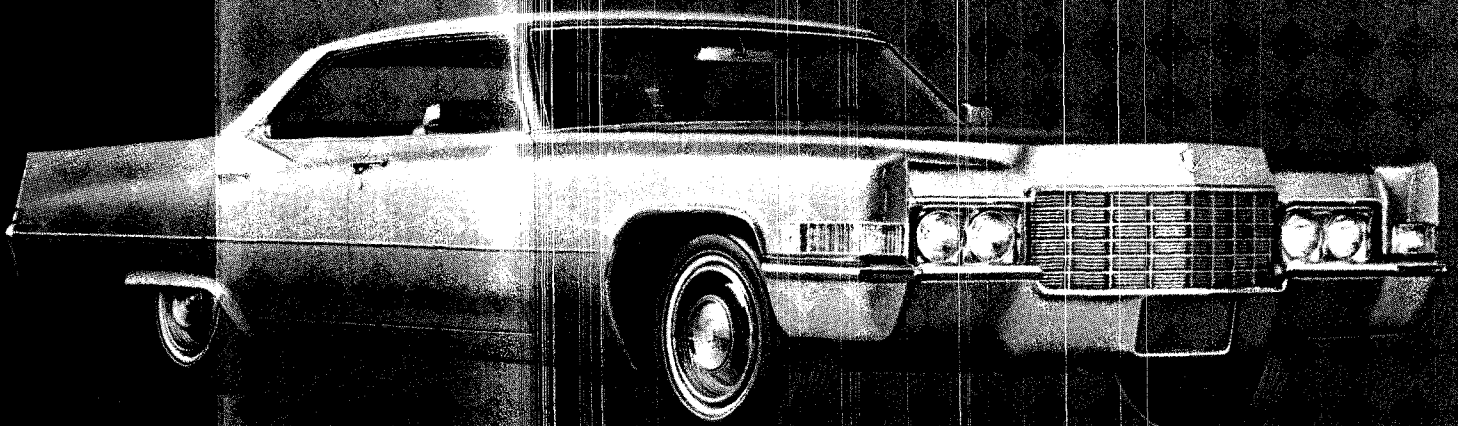
ficial termination, it is invariably mentioned in the casting up of accounts that he restored France's prestige, forcing her once more to be the diplomatic dowager of Europe, as she had been, off and on, since St. Louis and the early Crusades. By his political astuteness, he wiped out the multi-party competitions by which Fourth Republic governments were knocked over like ninepins, as if governing France were a kind of indoor game. He gave his country a strong regime without falling into the brutality of professional Fascism. He showed the egotistical mark of his greatness in his decision to put his strongly centralized government into the trustworthy hands of a born leader with a sense of vision and of history—himself, Charles de Gaulle (as he always spoke of himself). In an illuminating analytical article published recently in *Le Monde*, Professor

Maurice Duverger points out that "like Napoleon proclaiming himself Emperor 'by the grace of God and the volition of the French people,'" de Gaulle, as the leader of the Resistance, became the President of France by the grace of his "historic legitimacy," with the people's votes coming considerably later. Right now, after three weeks given to the Presidential campaign, and after voting not once but thrice (counting the final runoff vote this Sunday just passed), the French are understandably surfeited even with talk about balloting. Nevertheless, the old-fashioned election of their President made the people feel down-to-earth, realistic, and normal, as if they had turned over an old leaf that seemed as good as new again. Duverger regards the election as an important outpouring of the native French libertarian spirit. "The need for liberty," he says, "is stronger than ever after all these years of partial submission to the wishes of a hero."

Even in retrospect, the election, with its mixed hopes and unexpected warnings, is interesting, possibly more so than while it was going on piecemeal. In the end, the utility of the Centrist candidate, Alain Poher, was very great to everybody, except possibly to himself. He based his campaign less on what he would do if elected (his most concise promise was that he would follow a policy of "anti-grandeur") than on listing all the errors he thought de Gaulle and Pompidou had committed while in power over those long years. This freshened the public's memory of everything that it, too, had deplored and could protest against during the campaign by means of the newly influential opinion polls or its own presence and voice raised at party rallies—and above all by the way the public first voted one way and then sometimes another, since it had three chances at self-expression, each change being as important to the wretched candidates as



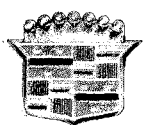
"Actually, I guess I don't know why you should throw your shoulders back. It just seemed like a good idea when I said it."



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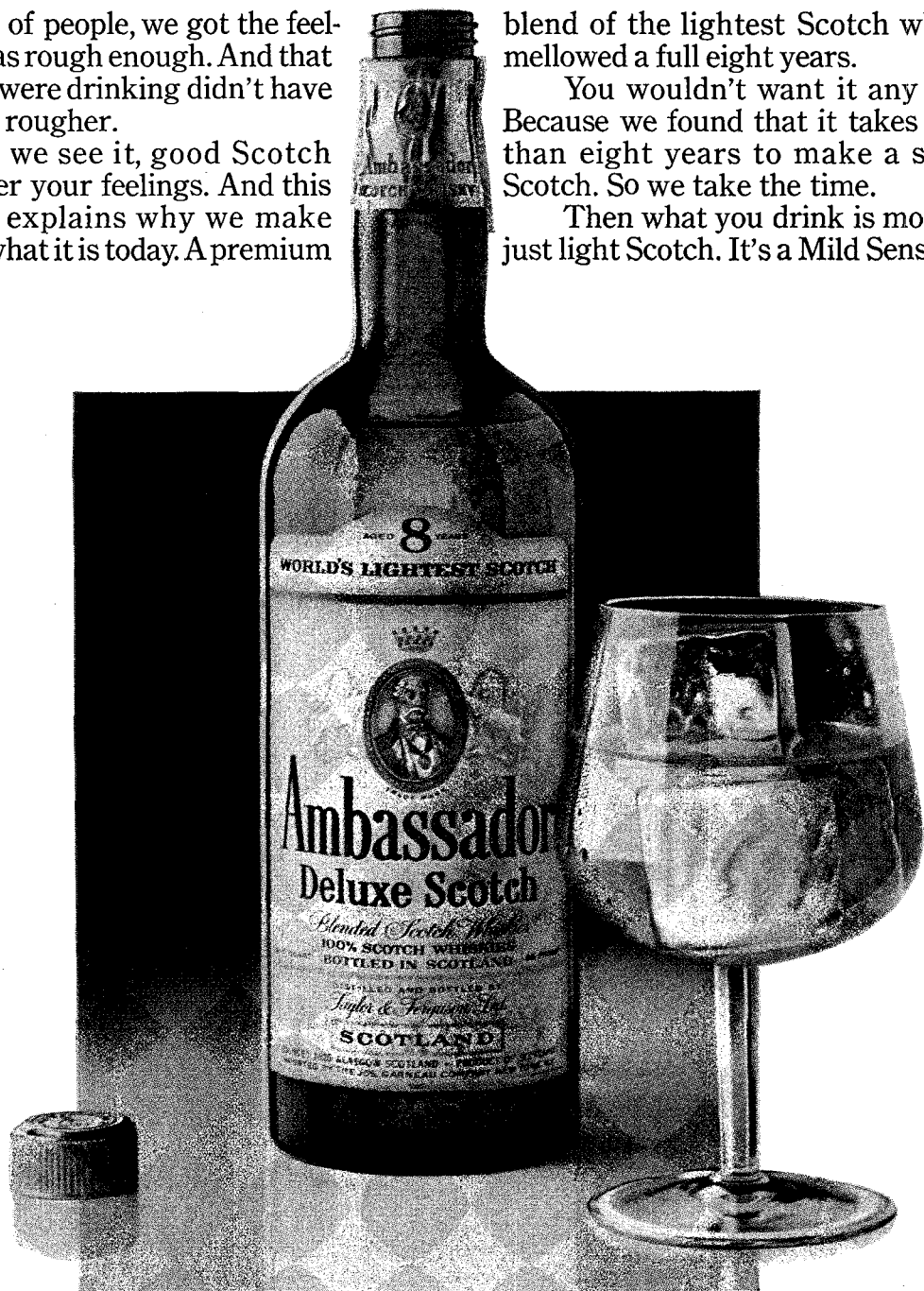
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a new reading on a fever chart. As a result, no incoming government leader ever faced with more clarity than does Pompidou the knowledge at least of what a large part of the country's population does *not* want him to do, such as permit the national radio and TV news to continue as a sycophant propagandist for the Establishment's favored personalities. French TV listeners know perfectly what they want—exactly the same sort of truthful news and personality reports that the English receive from the B.B.C. All this will demand complete reorganization and change in personnel in the handsome circular Maison de la Radio beside the Seine, across from the Tour Eiffel. The other much criticized Fifth Republic service that was a strong campaign issue was France's appalling, antiquated telephone system, by which it can take longer to obtain a communication with someone in a suburb twenty kilometres from Paris than for you to telephone your sister in California.

The grave new warning note in the election was that of the suddenly increased importance of the Communists as a returned reality on the French political scene—Communism in the new guise of "advanced democracy," as candidate Jacques Duclos genially called it. The Communist Party's resuscitation here in the election and the Party's obedience to discipline have been especially disquieting to certain Paris observers, considering what goes on once more in Prague and Rumania. As one looks back in the strictest spirit of post-election analysis, it seems clear that the two dominant personalities involved in the struggle were Pompidou and Duclos and their two opposing cults of capitalism and Communism.

The oddest novelty in the election was the significantly increased reliance on opinion polls. There are two French poll services, both known by their acronyms, since their full titles are jawbreakers—the Institut Français d'Opinion Publique and the Société Française d'Enquêtes par Sondage. Polls came into prominence when IFOP, on December 2nd, predicted de Gaulle's probable vote as forty-three per cent, which on December 5th turned out to be 43.97 per cent—close enough for the polls to be accepted as a new decisive element of French political electoral life. Each of the two polling organizations declares that what it offers is not prophecy but "a mirror, reflecting figures." Each questions fifteen hundred people to determine the opinion of thirty million French voters at a certain moment. The persons ques-

Be a little out of date this weekend



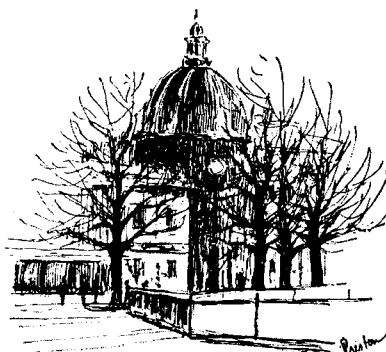
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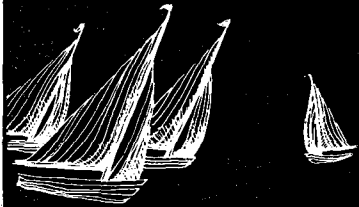
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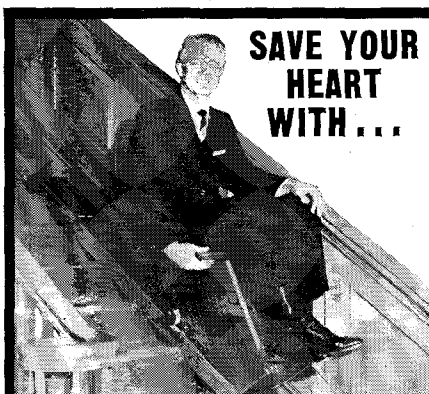
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tioned are given a sheet on which they write down their answers to the questions asked. *Figaro*, the main morning newspaper here, used both polls during the election, publishing its first one on May 27th, when the personality of interim President Póher was new and unknown. The poll presented a list of twenty adjectives that could reasonably describe Póher as a new political phenomenon, which he seemed then to be, and asked that five be chosen, from which emerged the following composite character study: "Inspires confidence," forty-six per cent; "Intelligent," forty-five per cent; "Sympathetic," forty-three per cent; "Honest," thirty-five per cent; "Sincere," thirty-four per cent. As a kind of footnote, he received fourteen per cent as "a man of action"—a quality that by the end of the election he certainly seemed weak in. As the final day of voting approached, SOFRES took a poll on "the firmness of intention on how you will vote," in which the main question was "Is your mind made up, or do you think you might change it between now and June 15?," with fifteen per cent confessing that, in truth, they might shilly-shally again. One of the later polls pertinently addressed this leading question to the people being polled: "Are you interested in the electoral campaign?," to which twenty-seven per cent answered "Greatly," forty-two per cent answered "A little," sixteen per cent said "Not much," and fifteen per cent said, candidly, "Not at all." —GENÊT

The new wage scale June 1 will be \$4,066 an hour for motormen of "L"-subway trains and \$3,966 for conductors. —*Chicago Tribune*.

They'll be right back with new demands.

Professors Cloward and Fox were the authors of the 1966 "strategy to end poverty," which they first described in *The Nation* magazine, and since then, has been adopted by the welfare rights movement. —*The Times*.

It isn't going to work, we can guarantee that.

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

[From the Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune]

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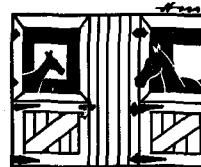
North of the Border

LAST weekend, this perambulating department had as pleasant a day's racing as one could ask for at Toronto's Woodbine, where the Queen's Plate Stakes was run off before the largest—and I'd say the most enthusiastic—race-track crowd in the annals of the Dominion. Warren Beasley's Jumpin Joseph, ridden by Avelino Gomez and trained by Bob Bateman, won the event—the hundred-and-tenth running of Canada's classic. Fanfaron was second, Fire N Desire was third, and eleven other three-year-olds were down the course. Altogether, it was the kind of occasion that anyone who has anything to do with horses dreams about. Earlier in the afternoon, Beasley's runners won two lesser events. How often have you seen a stable win two, then lose the big one? But this time all three clicked. Also, Gomez accepted two other mounts in addition to the Beasley racers, and scored with all five.

The chief object of interest in the paddock before the Plate was Jumpin Joseph, the favorite, who could hardly be called a standout. A well-made dark chestnut, he looked light in flesh. Much more impressive were Northern Native, a big, handsome dark bay who in color and conformation looks nothing like his full brother, the famous Northern Dancer; Northern Myth, a son of Northern Dancer; and Fire N Desire. As they paraded, someone said, "If I were betting on names, I'd have to go for Fire N Desire," and, indeed, Fire N Desire led for nearly a mile of the mile and a quarter. Jumpin Joseph, whose post position was near the rail, was shuffled back after the break to at least eighth, but he settled down and moved into a good position as he reached the backstretch, where he unloosed a burst of speed reminiscent of Northern Dancer's in the 1964 Plate. As he rounded the turn for home, you knew he was the winner. Fanfaron, who began slowly, closed a big gap but never really threatened seriously. The time of 2:04 1/5 was so-so.

If Jumpin Joseph continues to run well, he may come to the States in the autumn. By Pago Pago out of Skinny Minny, a daughter of Ponder, he was inherited, along with other horses in the stable, by Warren Beasley after the death of his father, William R. Beasley, last September. Bill Beasley,

one of Canada's leading owners, liked to name his horses with a light heart; remember Yummy Mummy, Holy Hannah, Slithering Sam, Canadian Champ, and He's a Smoothie, Canada's 1967 Horse of the Year? Last Saturday, Warren Beasley, a pleasant-spoken man in his late thirties, was wearing gray slacks and an Italian raw-silk sports jacket, light tan in color, when he received the fifty-guinea gift of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, a gold cup, and the congratulations of the

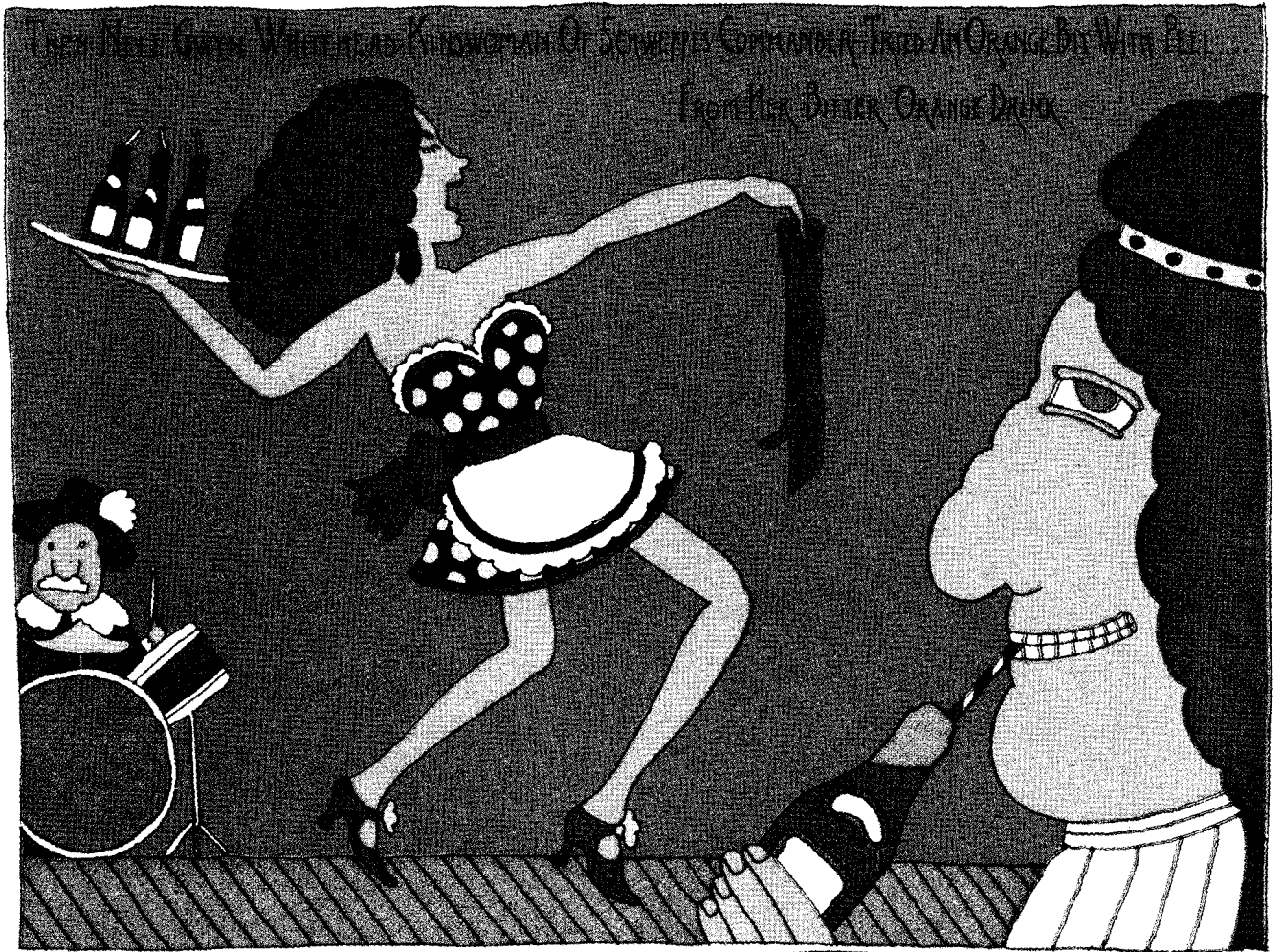
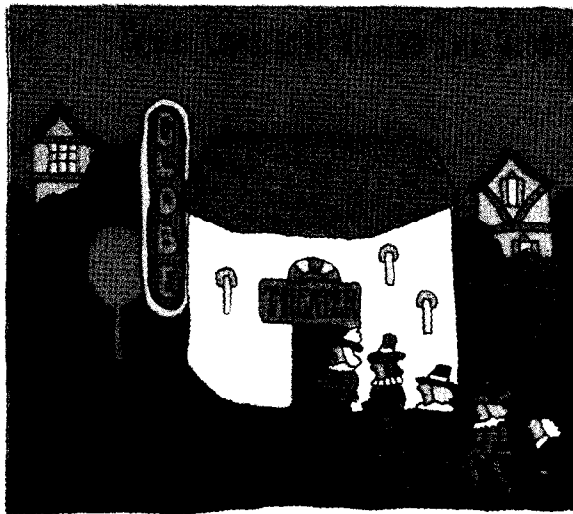


Right Honourable Roland Michener, the Governor-General of Canada; E. P. Taylor, the Jockey Club's chairman of the board; George Hendrie, its president; John Mooney, its managing director; and others, all in morning coats and gray topers. Beasley stood out like a you-know-what. The coat he was wearing, I learned later, was worn by his father the day Canadian Champ won the Queen's Plate at the then very new Woodbine, in 1956.

I suppose your correspondent is just an old softy, but he likes to go to the Plate. It's always a good show. What's more, it has dignity and glamour. He likes to see the representative of the Crown ride down the stretch in a landau, with an escort of the Governor-General's Horse Guard in full dress. You can have the miniskirted drum majorettes you see at other tracks.

FROM all accounts, Mrs. Whitney Stone's Shuvee, already the winner of the Acorn and the Mother Goose Stakes, won the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park last Saturday, as everyone had expected. Though she ran up on the heels of Polly Piper, one of the six other contenders, at the start, she recovered quickly and went on to beat Hail to Patsy, who was second for the third time. This is the trilogy for three-year-old fillies that Dark Mirage won so impressively last year. I regret to report, by the way, that the charming Dark Mirage isn't doing so well in retirement. It seems that the foot she injured at Saratoga and then again at Santa Anita is not responding to treatment. Too bad.

OF course, the Arlington Classic was pie for Ack Ack. If he had been pressed, he could have run the mile much faster than the 1:34 3/5 he was clocked at. —AUDAX MINOR



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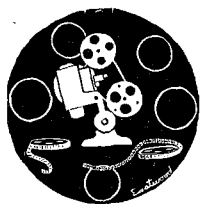


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*A Movie, a Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread,
and What Was the Other Thing?*



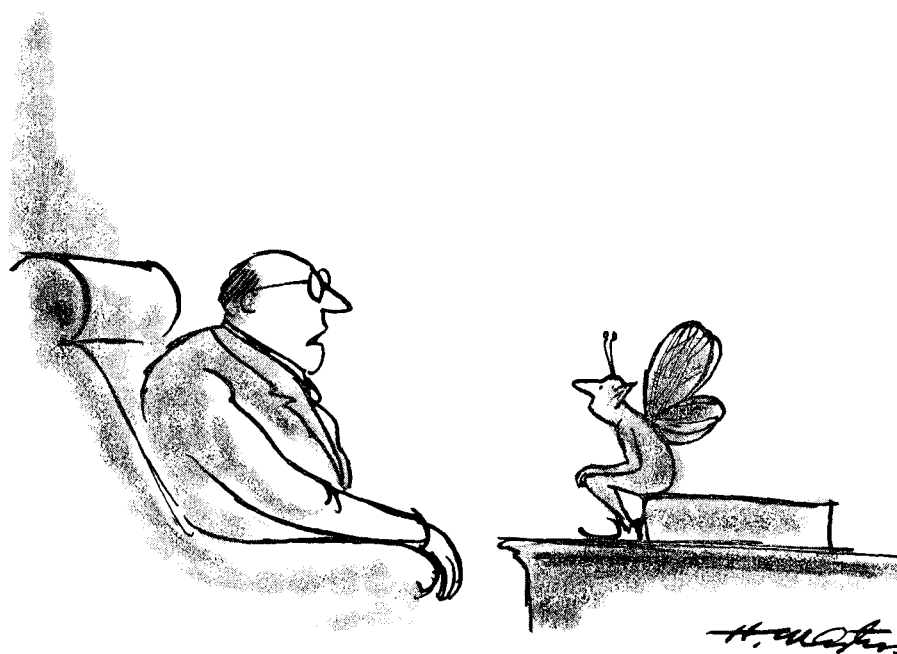
SEQUENCES of prankish shopping in Paris. Sequences of rich American sixteen-year-olds licking the salt off each other on the beach. With the release of "You Only Love Once" and "Last Summer," timed to lend feelings of surrogate fun and company in the emptying hot city, the New York film-distribution process suddenly seems dedicated to the Lady Bountiful business of bringing a little color into our drab lives. You get whisked into another world as long as you respect that charity, although you may react the other way to films that treat you like—well, a Victorian between-maid on the yearly staff outing to a countryside she has never known, or an indigent being visited by the gentry with baskets of nourishing potato peelings. "It's cool inside!" promise the theatres themselves, as if some halcyon picnic weather reigned there, although the smog within is actually the same as the smog without, but freezing. And "Take a break from yourself!" say these summer movies. "See how the fortunate live, and come out feeling that you're as well off as they are!" Dirk Sanders' "You Only Love Once" is a French love-comedy about a sage little girl who brings together her fashion-model mother and her film-director father after years estranged. The picture is, as you see, cheerful. It is gaily made, and sad in the same instantly mendable way as "A Man and a Woman," and terrifically well-dressed. There are scenes set somewhere that looks like Cardin, snazzily shot, with jump cuts and a general air of democratic breeziness that is light-years away from any technique used long ago to shoot similar scenes at, say, Worth. This isn't one of your snooty movies. There's nothing to make you feel you couldn't look just as wonderful as the fashion-model mother on your between-maid's wages. Your own little life, you think (huddling into your air-conditioned upholstered seat, using the *Times* to cover your icy arms, and catching a snorter), is within an ace of being as enviable as the life of this fashion-model character and this film-director character. That's the sort of good-natured movie it is. It also hands out the consoling thoughts that people only

love once, that shopping plugs the gaps, and that the ancient talent of movie children for putting together shattered marriages remains intact. The little girl—Leslie Bedos—is gravely competent. Worn out by a short lifetime of being yanked around photographers' studios, she starts to cry and then recovers herself by making a necklace of chewing gum. She tells her mother, with eerie saintliness, that Mummy must be tired. Mummy: "How did you know I was tired?" Child: "Because you made me cry. When you make me cry, it means you're tired." The small counsellor—who is appallingly admirable, though she has some nice resilient lines and engaging bounce—is polite to Mummy's lovers but hankers privately after her father, just as Mummy does. (It may say something about Mummy that the trouble between the adults is repaired only when Daddy has leapt from being an unrecognized photographer into a film director one hears about.) Anyway, when both a lover and Daddy turn up to take Mummy, the child, and their recognizable Vuitton luggage to Orly Airport, Mummy and child and their Vuittons are instantly accommodated in Daddy's car. One of the most comforting things about this entirely amiable, cloud-cuckoo-land picture is that it takes no account of the changes that happen between people with the passing of time. The

film would be hard to enter into if anyone you knew well were sitting beside you, because it is blatantly such a fairy tale about behavior and loss. Look, it says—see how much a few boutiques can buck you up; see how difficult things are, even for this pretty girl, and how happily they can end; and just see the balm of good luggage.

"LAST SUMMER," directed by Frank Perry and scripted by Eleanor Perry, is from a novel by Evan Hunter. The Perrys also worked together on "David and Lisa" and "The Swimmer." I wish they didn't always seem to be explaining something. "David and Lisa" explained mental illness. "The Swimmer" explained heroism in suburbia. "Last Summer" explains the young. The explanations do make a great deal vanish. The Perrys' pictures strike a note that mixes the styles of Stanley Kramer and Dr. Rose Franzblau. The films are always safely liberal—this is the Kramer part—and they have a touch of the pedagogical/whimsical/brutal, like the tone that clings to advice columns the world over. There is nothing that could fairly be called *wrong* with the Perrys' approach, for tackiness is no big wrong, but the approach happens to be inimical to what they do; if they were as profoundly absorbed by handcrafts, or nursery-school teaching, it would be fine. "Last Summer" seems to have been devised according to instincts that run against the flow of a filmmaking imagination.

The plot of the picture is about three generalized and well-heeled sixteen-year-olds horsing around on an



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island much like Fire Island. The two boys are blond Wasps, intentionally hard to tell apart until they are divided by a moral crunch on the theme of Random Cruelty meted out to a mufin-faced fifteen-year-old girl outside the golden trio. (Cathy Burns gives a fine and true performance of a scared hanger-on.) The gilded-girl member of the trio, who stands for Random Sexual Come-On, leads the gang in hysterical hairwashing sessions and flirting games and giggling experiments with beer and pot. When the mob finds and trains a wounded seagull, she yells orders at it with a tyrannical temper that spells out yet another theme explaining the Affluent Teen-Ager of Today. This time, we learn about Random Power Mania. She feels robbed of command over her own family life, the film tells us. A kitchen scene shows her railing about her divorced mother for going out with men and for being bent on alimony. It seems to be one of the marks of the Perrys' work that their films are full of case history but bereft of much sense of character. This picture is a fable about the final summer of childhood, and about the decline into adult barbarism of three illustrative members of a heedless and untended elite; but the allegory somehow seems harshly thin. The well-meant sociological warnings crush nuance and stave off connection. These kids seem like no one. And so the film, obviously without wishing to, allows audiences niggled by the publicized generation to conclude that it can be written off as a horde of mutant monsters. The final horror scene isn't really horrible, or even sobering. Its conception—downfall into savagery by a spoiled generation without standards—is so preachy and trite that an audience is free to walk out unbothered, mildly soothed by all the scenes of beach sun, and a little nostalgic for films with people in them. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

This letter is aimed at you, B. Griffin, the one in Vancouver, who shot off his big hypocritical mouth in April's issue. You can say what you want to, but just don't try and tell me you think *Popular Photography* would be improved if you took out the girls. You said it was a photography magazine. Well, you know, you're right—it is. Just because a few girly shots could be found in the magazine you condemned it. If you don't like it—don't read it. You'd do better subscribing to "Popular Prohibitionist."

Stephen Hladky, Winnipeg, Can.
—Letter in *Popular Photography*.

B. Griffin is a hypocritical oaf.

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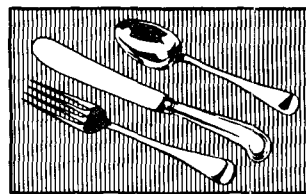
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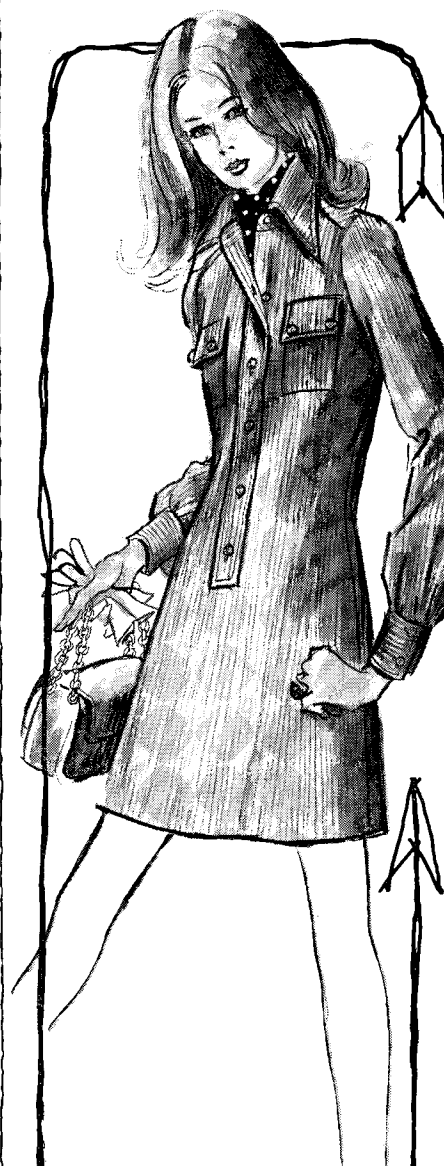
I. SOUND

Low-cloudly it whistles changing heads
 On you. How hard to hold and shape head-round.
 So any hard hold
 Now loses; form breathes near. Close to forest-form
 By ear so landscape is eyelessly
 Sighing through needle-eyes. O drawn off
 The deep end, step right up
 And be where. It could be a net
 Spreading field: mid-whistling crossed with an edge and a life-
 Guarding sound. Overhead assign the bright and dark
 Heels distance-running from all overdrawing the only sound
 Of this sound sound of a life-mass
 Drawn in long lines in the air unbroken brother-saving
 Sound merely soft
 And loudly soft just in time then nothing and then
 Soft soft and a little caring-for sift-softening
 And soared-to. O ankle-wings lightening and fleeing
 Brothers sending back for you
 To join the air and live right. O Justice-scales leaning toward mercy
 Wherever. Justice is exciting in the wind
 As escape continuing as an axe hurling
 Toward sound and shock. Nothing so just as wind
 In its place in low cloud
 Of its tree-voice stopped and on-going footless flight
 Sound like brothers coming on as
 All-comers coming and fleeing
 From ear-you and pine, and all pine.

II. SMELL

What mainly for the brow-hair
 Has been blowing, dimensions and glows in:
 Air the most like
 Transfusion expands and only
 There it is fresh
 From overhead steep-brewing and heavy from deep
 Down upcoming new
 To the lungs like a lean cave swimming—
 Throat-light and iron-
 Warm spray on the inside face
 Cutting often and cooling-out and brow
 Opening and haunting freshly. So have you changed to this
 You like a seawall
 Tarred as a stump and blowing
 Your skull like clover lung-swimming in resin
 Dwelling
 by breath
 breath:
 Whose head like a cave opens living
 With eddies needle-sapped out
 Of its mind by this face-lifting
 Face like a tree-beast
 Listening, resetting the man-broken nose
 Bones on wine
 Currents, as taste goes wild
 And wells up recalls recovers and calls
 For its own for pure spirit
 Food: windfalls and wavers out again
 From nothing, in green sinus-packs.

—JAMES DICKEY



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BOOKS

Love as a Standoff

FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX continue their quiet revival of the Norwegian author Knut Hamsun with the publication, in a new translation by Oliver Stallybrass, of "Victoria." This short novel dates from 1898, when Hamsun, though no longer young as a man, was still rather young as a writer. Not ten years before, with "Hunger," he, a well-battered, self-educated eccentric of thirty years, had rescued himself from indigence and begun that long literary career distinguished at the age of sixty by a Nobel Prize and at the age of ninety by a trial for treason. Perhaps Hamsun, like Hemingway, always wrote a young man's books. His last, the journal of his internment for collaboration with the Nazi occupiers of Norway, is as naïve, perky, and fresh as his first. He was one of modern literature's great fresheners; his loyalty to the elemental, his impatience with Ibsenian social moralizing, and his expressed determination to "grant the individual soul its due" contributed to the great liberation of artistic energy in the generation succeeding his and elicited avid testimonials from writers as various as H. G. Wells, I. B. Singer, and Thomas Mann. To mention Mann, however, and to think of Mann's own naïveté, his disarmingly material curiosity and his blunt little inventories of furniture and weather, is to remind ourselves of a certain broad, balanced, humane sanity that cannot be included in the considerable list of Hamsun's virtues.

"Victoria" seems young in its proximity to the fabulous, in the magical edge of its quick imagery—"over by the sluice the water fell sheer, like a brightly colored fabric hung out to dry." Or "Again the weeks and the months went by, and spring returned. The snow had gone: the dis-

tant roar of liberated waters gave the illusion of coming from the sun and the moon." The novel also seems young in its air of disconnectedness, of being partly hidden from the author as well as from us, of being the residue of an emotional experience more than a recreation of one. The hero, Johannes Møller, is a miller's son (Møllerens Sønn). We meet him walking and thinking, "bursting with ideas"—"When he grew up he would work in a match factory. It would be pleasantly dangerous, and he could get sulfur on his fingers so that nobody would dare to shake hands with him." He dreams of the future, has for friends the trees and the birds and the stones in the granite quarry, and is, of course, in love with Victoria, the daughter of the Castle, the manor house near the mill. As children, they play and flirt, but as social unequals. Well, Johannes leaves home and becomes, guess what, a writer. His frenzied habits of work—every night from the evening church bells to dawn, despite the complaints of the insomniac next door—sound very like those of the hero of "Hunger." Except

that Johannes is a success, critical and commercial, from the start. He returns home educated, famous, and a man. Meanwhile, Victoria, to save the sagging Castle fortunes, has had her troth plighted for her to a caddish toff called Otto. Victoria and Johannes hold several hot-and-cold conversations establishing their love on a firmly star-crossed basis. As a consolation prize, she offers him, at her engagement party, their mutual friend little Camilla, whom our hero once saved from drowning (as a nature expert, he is amphibian; "I know the shoals," the dripping boy modestly avers), and to whom he now (and this is an honest Hamsun touch) takes enough of a shine, true love notwithstanding, to plight *his* troth. *But*, just then, what should happen but that Otto should go hunting, and . . . You know how sloppy caddish toffs are with guns; please don't let me spoil the story for you. Suffice to say that the lovers stay star-crossed and tuberculosis intervenes to keep the book short.

If the plot sounds quaint and somewhat mechanically Tristram-and-



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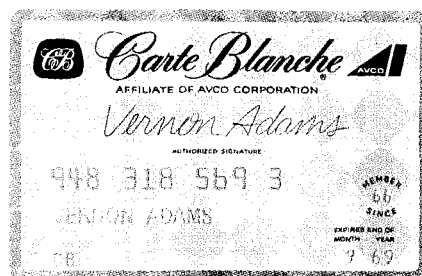
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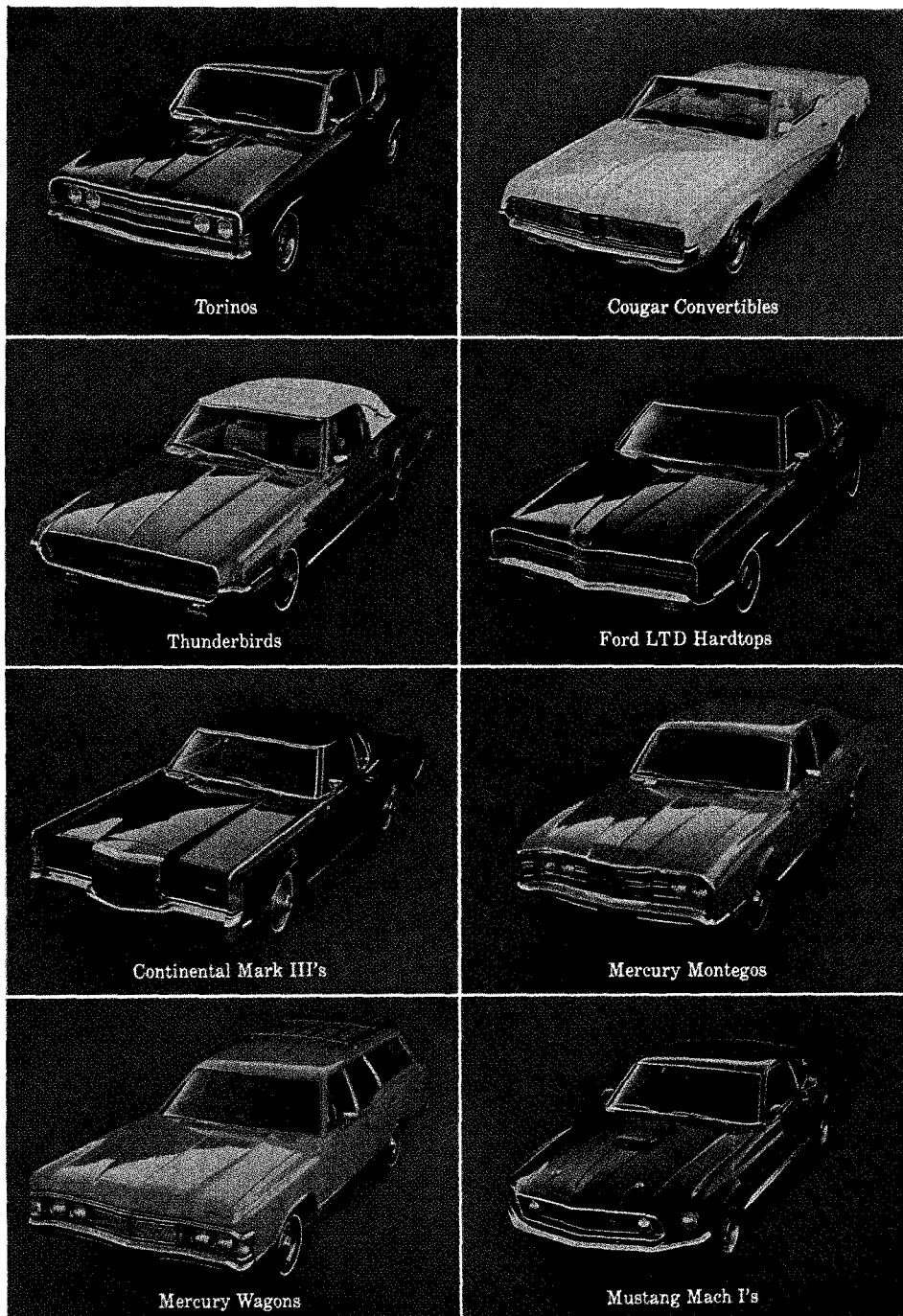
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Iseultish, it may be that Hamsun was masking a personal experience still puzzling to himself. Like Edvarda in "Pan," Victoria compulsively humiliates her rustic admirer at parties. Party scenes seem to operate for Hamsun as a point of painful reference, in contrast to nature walks: love is made outdoors and destroyed indoors. Behind the vivid, cruel, hectically flushed women of his parties seems to stand a bitter memory. In "Victoria," Hamsun suddenly digresses: "Watch any woman in profile when she drinks. Let her drink from a cup, a glass, anything you care to mention, but watch her in profile. It's a terrifying sight, the act she puts on. She purses up her mouth, dips only the extreme edge in the drink, and gets desperate if during the performance anybody notices her hand." Though mutilated, as it were, by the jerky action of the puppet-theatre plot and by the pained reticences of Hamsun's memory, Victoria lives in each fragmentary glimpse of her, from the flighty but gracious child to the dying woman, still mostly a child, who writes Johannes a magnificently pathetic letter of farewell. "Victoria" adds a small portrait to the gallery of nineteenth-century women, those hapless creatures denied all rights but the right to be adored, those poor properties assigned an exclusively sexual value and given only a black market to trade it on—those scapegoats of romanticism, those saints of intrigue and dreaming who lived only in books, those oppressed innocents whose one method of protest was self-destruction.

The pride of these women, their defiant perversity and desperate gaiety, Hamsun can depict. But he is dealing here with an attenuated case. Whereas Madame Bovary, borrowing some iron from her bourgeois captors, did jimmy her way out and become for a moment that dark, sensual apparition who alarms Léon in Rouen (not to mention the aboriginal Iseult, a blithe primitive who lives in the woods with her lover like a cavewoman), Victoria stands helpless and stares. The obstacles between the lovers drop away: Otto and Camilla vanish, the debt-ridden Castle and its paternalistic proprietor go up in smoke. Still, Johannes and Victoria do not move toward each other but preserve a silence one is tempted to call stubborn. They are Romeo and Juliet without the Nurse, without the night of love. The action of the book is their few conversations—they have none, except as children, that we do not over-

hear—and when she breaks silence for the last time, most fully, the book ends.

Stubborn silence was dear to Hamsun; he fled from publicity, played no games but solitaire, and kept silent during his trial. His laconic style feels engraved upon silence. Speech, and events in general, have a peculiar, exceptional air in his work. It is not merely that the characters do odd things—the hero of "Pan," asked by the heroine, whom he loves, for the gift of his pet dog, shoots the dog and sends her the body; in "Victoria," Johannes, needing a pipe cleaner, wrenches a hand from the face of a clock—but that very simple objects hop onto the page with an elfin mystery about them. Victoria halts at a shopwindow and moves away; Johannes spies her and stops at the same window:

Why was she standing there? The window was a mean one, a small shop window displaying for sale a few bars of red soap, grain barley in a glass jar, a handful of cancelled postage stamps.

How oddly charged and sharp and potent is this little inventory of the inconsequential! Of Johannes's fiction we are told, "Often, his imagination played crazy tricks on him, obtruding into his book irrelevant conceits which he afterward had to strike out and throw away." For example, he imagines, "A man is at the point of death, he writes to a friend, a note, a little request. The man dies, leaving this note. It is dated and signed, it has capital letters and small letters, though the writer would die within the hour. Very strange." Later, when he receives Victoria's note, he sees that "there were capital letters and small letters, the lines were straight, and she who had written them was dead!" This interest in not merely peculiar circumstances but the *peculiarity of circumstance* deflects his prose from the path of high seriousness and rounded intention but does give it a continuous quirky life and stabs of unexpected power. In "Victoria," a long dream is recounted to no immediate purpose but with a concrete wildness given to few dreams in fiction:

He wades out into the ocean and dives down. He finds himself standing in front of a great doorway where he meets a huge barking fish. It has a mane on its back and barks at him like a dog. Behind the fish stands Victoria. He reaches out his hands toward her, she has no clothes on, she laughs at him and a gale blows through her hair.

Dreamlike also is Victoria's explanation of why, at the party, she rudely inter-




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rupted Johannes's speech: "All I heard was your voice. It was like an organ, and the power it had over me made me frantic." In Doris Lessing's "The Golden Notebook," the heroine relates how as soon as she heard a certain man's voice she knew she would sleep with him. What is mere confession in a female writer amounts to intuitive genius in Hamsun.

Just as dreams and passionate impulses erupt into our conscious lives, so the flow of this novel is interrupted, at the end, by a gratuitous spate of anecdotes on the topic of love. One of them describes a cuckolded husband who knowingly returns when his wife is entertaining her lover. He knocks, the lover sneaks away, the husband enters, and a strange conversation ensues—a groping amid mutual compassion and deceit. Then:

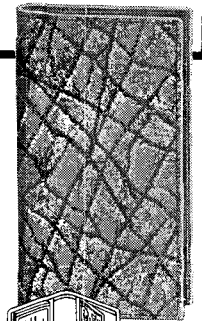
But suddenly he threw his arms round her, in an ironlike grip of terrifying strength, and whispered in her ear, "What do you say, shall we put horns on him...on the fellow who left... Shall we put horns on him?"

She screams for the maid, and in the morning excuses his proposal as "a very strange attack." He answers, "Yes, it's a strain being witty at my age. I'm giving it up." The entire encounter, in its comic knottiness, in the depths and turns of uxoriousness it reveals, is quite startling, and shows the degree of psychological complexity Hamsun's strange simplicity could conjure with. Strindberg and Nietzsche were his tutors, but he drew upon the Nordic cultural tradition that underlies the realism of the sagas, the anti-philosophy of Kierkegaard, and the films of Ingmar Bergman. Like Hamsun, Bergman loves plain textures and tangled minds, renders details with surreal clarity, indulges a savage streak of fantasy, and sometimes depends ingenuously upon fable and a mysticism of brooks and saplings. Scandinavia, untouched by Hellenism and only lately and lightly submissive to Christianity, sees things in its own slant of sunlight. Platonic precedences do not obtain; the riddle and not the Idea lurks behind phenomena. The wish to "grant the individual soul its due" has roots in an ancient Germanic individualism: the sixth-century "Strategicon" says of German warriors, "Headstrong, despising strategy, precaution, or foresight, they show contempt for every tactical command." The Viking god of battle, Odin, was the god of inspiration, whether as battle frenzy, intoxication, or supernatural wisdom; Hamsun is a literary Viking whose reliance

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upon inspiration is his strength and his weakness. Born in a rural valley, by predilection a recluse and a farmer, he belongs in the company of those tanned, clear-eyed truants (the Basque Unamuno, the Algerian Camus, the Egyptian Cavafy, the Russian Tolstoy) who jeer into the classroom of European civilization. A heathen visionary, he sees peculiar particulars that resist being smoothed into plots, exemplary characters, or slogans to live by. The moral of "Victoria" seems to be "There's always a catch somewhere," or "God has fashioned [love] of many kinds and seen it endure or perish." Such an inconclusive conclusion, a standoff, well caps this eerily static love story, whose characters, though immersed in bookish circumstances, proudly reject the dynamism of characters.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MISS OWEN-OWEN, by Margaret Forster (Simon & Schuster). Pathos and slapstick don't mix very well in this story of a bumbling English schoolteacher whose bluff, no-nonsense façade conceals a secret too sad to be spoken of. Lettice Owen-Owen, thirty-six years old and independently wealthy, has just been appointed to her first headmistressship—of the Seacrill and County High School for Girls. Seacrill is an English town—a comfortable, stubborn-spirited place—and the County High School cherishes a curriculum that is about what it has been for at least two generations. Miss Owen-Owen plans to revolutionize the school, particularly in the department of sex education, but her lack of humor and her obtuseness and her aggressiveness cause her good qualities to be quite overlooked, and most of the inhabitants of Seacrill rejoice when she meets her comeuppance. Miss Forster knows the town she is writing about, and the situation she starts from has possibilities of being both interesting and lively, but the writing is forced, and Miss Owen-Owen never becomes more than an immense papier-mâché figure badly in need of a float to carry her in style and with balance.

GENERAL

HENRY JAMES: THE TREACHEROUS YEARS, 1895-1901, by Leon Edel (Lippincott). This, the fourth volume of Mr. Edel's masterly biography, begins with the novelist suffer-



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ing—and acknowledging—defeat in the theatre. James's failure as a playwright, coming, as it did, in middle age, was especially hard for him to bear. It left him uncertain of his future and doubting whether he could interest the public. (He did not doubt the value of his work, but he described his feelings at its rejection as something like being drowned.) How he overcame his depression is the theme of this book, which ends as James is about to write his greatest novels. In Mr. Edel's belief, the writer healed himself through his art. Mr. Edel's sympathy toward James (for his weaknesses as well as for his achievements) is something like love—persuasive and affecting. Ten dollars.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST, by Peter Kropotkin, with new introductions by Paul Goodman and Barnett Newman (Horizon). The two new introductions to the autobiography of the famous Anarchist (1842-1921) have little to do with the text, which is narrative, descriptive, and personal, rather than theoretical or propagandistic. Never mind. The book is a delight. Prince Kropotkin shows all the talent of a top-notch nineteenth-century Russian writer. He recalls the Army and the court of the czars, the life of the serfs before and after emancipation, his explorations of Siberia, and his introduction to revolutionary groups. These recollections demonstrate more clearly than argument that Russia's *ancien régime* failed Russia's élite as badly as it failed Russia's masses, for the stupidity of czarist society—quite as much as its cruelty—distressed noble or wealthy youngsters who merely wanted to think. Kropotkin's portrayal of the young Nihilists in their search for sincerity seems very up-to-date. (His discussion with Turgenev of the latter's Nihilist character, Bazarov, in "Fathers and Sons," is engrossing.) And his insistence that a just society must produce abundantly, "so as to secure a reign of plenty for all," seems modern, too. This edition, by the way, is a facsimile of the first American edition of 1899, and it is handsome. Ten dollars.

LECTURES IN AMERICA, by F. R. and Q. D. Leavis (Pantheon). Consistency is usually cheering. Dr. Leavis's opinions are as sure as ever, and his allegiance to responsible criticism as firm as it was forty years ago. He remains convinced that Yeats is

sometimes great but not as great as Eliot, who isn't always great, either. In the first of these four essays, Dr. Leavis has a last, rather cranky, word in his notorious pitched battle with C. P. Snow over "the two cultures." The final essay is by Mrs. Leavis, and is a lengthy reappraisal of "Wuthering Heights." She compares Catherine Earnshaw with Kate, in Henri-Pierre Roché's "Jules et Jim," and finds that of the two dominating and willful women Catherine is the more originally observed. The essays were delivered as lectures (at Harvard and Cornell in 1966), which may explain an uncharacteristic lack of stylistic distinction.

NOTE: Houghton Mifflin has published "The Big Little Man from Brooklyn," a collection of five of St. Clair McKelway's tales of imposture, reclusion, and deception. All of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*. The big little man, incidentally, was Stephen Jacob Weinberg or, by his choice, Stanley Clifford Weyman.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

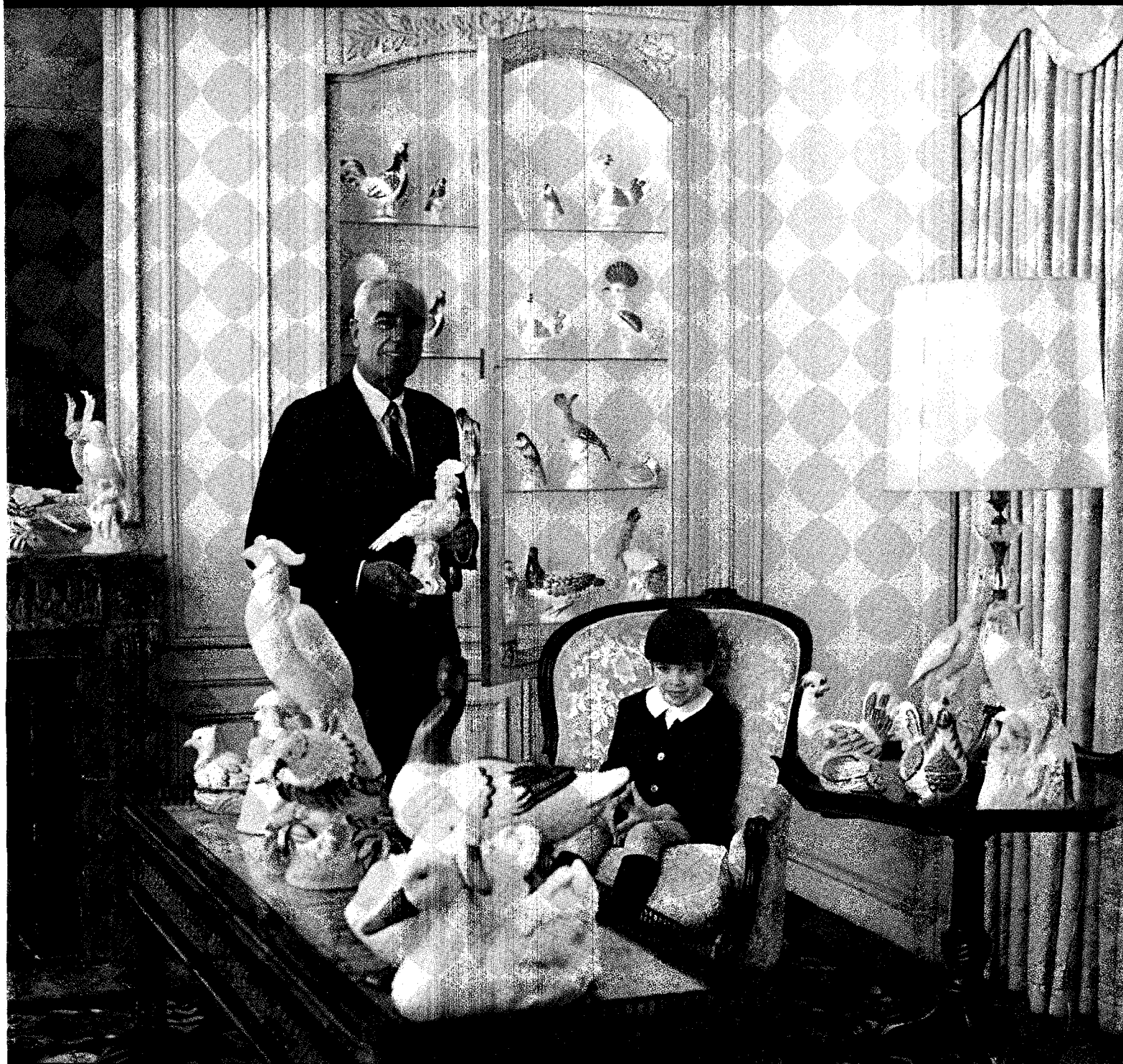
THE GOODBYE LOOK, by Ross Macdonald (Knopf). Another of Mr. Macdonald's sombre celebrations of the evil that lurks in men's souls in southern California. It begins, as always, with a trifling problem—in this instance, the theft of a Florentine gold box—and then, as always, plunges into a tangle of impersonation, mistaken identity, embezzlement, psychosis, adultery, suicide, and multiple murder as elaborately designed as the plot of any three-volume Victorian novel. It is, for once, perhaps a little too elaborate, a little too neatly detailed and fitted. It is also a little too familiar. The poor little mixed-up rich boy; the hollow, blowhard aristocrat; the hardboiled faded beauty; the devious psychiatrist; the middle-aged alcoholic little girl; the tired tough cop—we've met them all in Mr. Macdonald's company a good many times before.

"Arthur Rubenstein" is the title of a 90-minute NBC portrait of the great pianist, scheduled for September. Why not "Arthur Rubenstein," as he's been billed for so many years? George Vicas, producer of the special, said he'd been advised by Mrs. Rubenstein that they've been misspelling her husband's name for decades.—*The Post*.

All set for the next decade, Mrs. R.?

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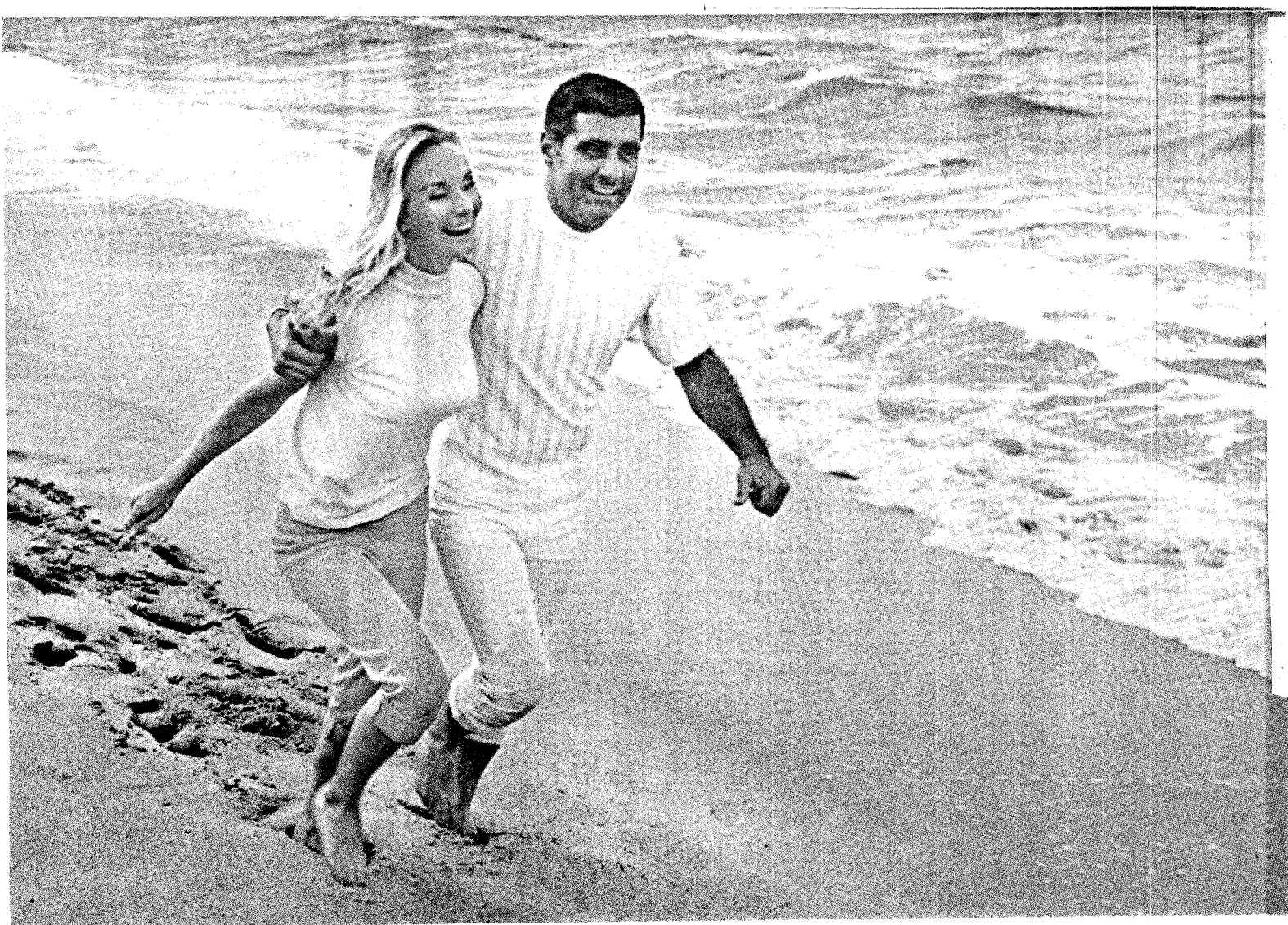
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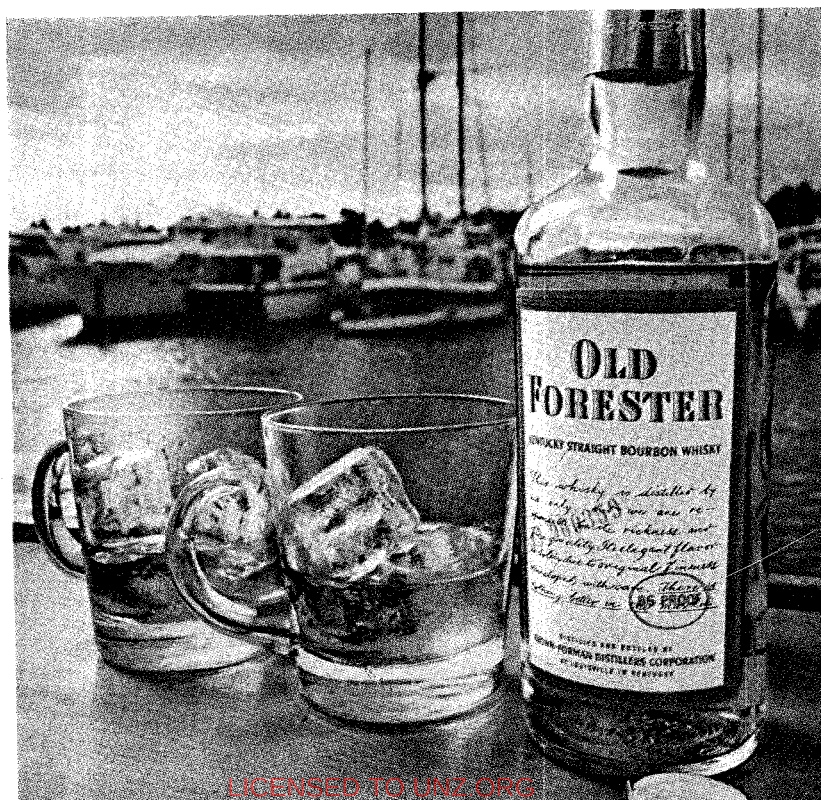
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